ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE MODERN MAN

VOLUME 26 NUMBER 6

MAYFAIR

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PAGE 3 STAR KATIE ORGILL

SEXY POOL FROLICS!

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TONY PRICE DRIVES THE AMAZING HSRII

CONRAD JAMES ON THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST JUNGLE RACE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS ARE IN MAYFAIR

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Our classic centrespread is beautiful, BMW-driving Antonia, who has a secret desire that money can't satisfy.

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PAGE THREE EXCLUSIVE!

KATIE ORGILL

Photographs by George Richardson

Page Three favourite Katie Orgill began modelling at the tender age of 16. Now, six years on, the Worcestershire-born beauty has decided to make her debut appearance in the pages of a men's magazine – and of course, she's chosen *Mayfair*! We know a good thing when we see one, so we whisked Katie off to Barbados to be sure of capturing her charms in their best light.

"It was the most relaxing three weeks imaginable," said Katie, who still lives at home with her mum and dad in scenic Malvern. "The great thing about our trip was that we had plenty of time to do what we wanted while the photographer was scouting out new locations. But I must admit I left all the swimming and action sports to my Page Three pal Dee Ivens."

You can find out more about Dee's escapades, sharks and all, when we publish her exclusive pictures in next month's *Mayfair*, but let's get back to what Katie did...

"I preferred to spend my time topping up my tan and relaxing by the pool at our private villa. And when the others hit the town at night I hit the hay! Home or away, I like to get my eight hours and I've never been a great one for parties!"

Back home, Katie's life is far more hectic, managing to pack in her modelling assignments alongside a budding movie career. But Katie's big

screen debut in *Living Doll* is far from glamorous: she spends most of the film as a dead body! Cute Katie is covered from head to toe in gungy special effects make-up to achieve the look the director wanted. Apparently the make-up artist despaired of making our blooming

heroine look at all unhealthy!

"Yes, the film may not be quite what people expect," admits Katie. "They did manage to make me look pretty awful, though it took hours to do it. It was a lot easier to look my best for *Mayfair* out in Barbados!"

And a lot more rewarding too, we think. We hope the next director Katie works for has the sense to show her off at her best – and to find out what that is, he only has to look at our sizzling photos!

claire

Claire's first appearance in Vol 26 No 3 made her something of a star in her home town of Southampton — and she's loving every minute of it! "I think those pictures of me in my favourite lacy fishnet stockings caused a bit of a stir," giggles the gorgeous 19-year-old, who measures 37-24-36. "Wherever I go, I'm surrounded by men who keep asking if I'm *the* Claire they saw in *Mayfair*. So when I was asked if I'd like to appear this time, I said I'd love to — on the condition that I could wear my fishnets again!"

DAWN

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Dawn's antique dealer parents have a whole house full of beautiful and valuable *objets d'art*, and her classic 36-24-36 good looks fit in very well among them, we think you'll agree. Dawn, however, is a thoroughly modern girl. The 22-year-old computer programmer spends most of her spare time out at gigs and nightclubs, collecting admirers rather than antiques.

"If I'm honest, I really can't relate to all

helene

Where better to relax than a rural cottage in the South of France – especially if pouting beauty Helene Pascal happens to be there! And if you time it right, there's a good chance she might be. The beautiful 36-23-35 French model regularly takes time out from her hectic schedule to relax in this rural retreat, away from cameras and hordes of male fans.

"I think time off is very important," she explains in a near-impeccable accent. "Even though I love my work, I need to relax, otherwise I get run down. It's very hard to look and feel sexy if you're tired!"

Photographs by Denys Defrancesco

Helene spends most of the time relaxing on her own, but occasionally one or two lucky friends will be invited for a look round the lady's holiday chateau – and this month *Mayfair*'s man was one of them.

"The invitation to make my first appearance clashed with my holiday," Helene reveals. "But it was too good a chance to turn down. So I decided to – how do you say? – make a day of it!" Ⓜ

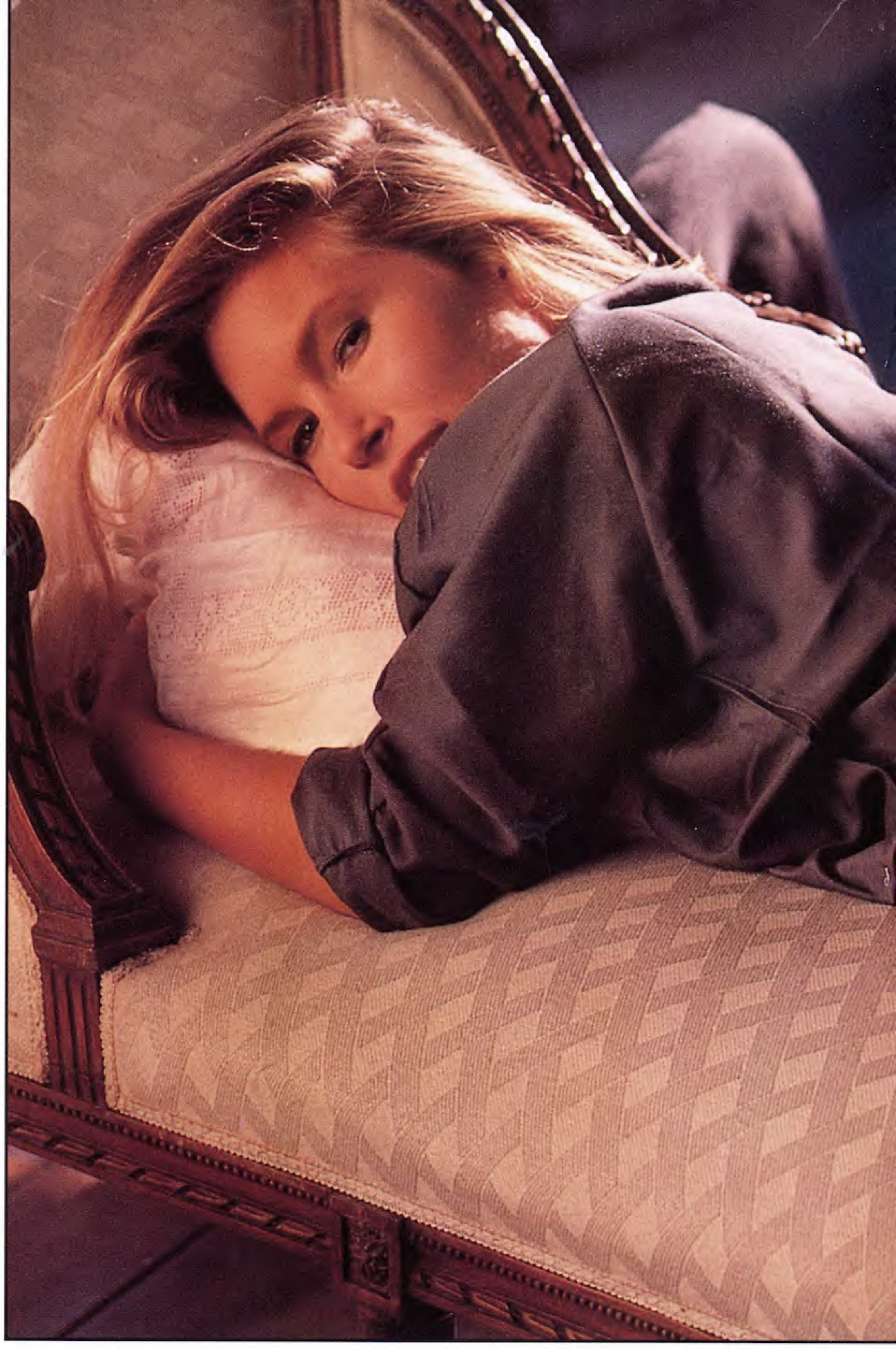
STACY

Photographs by
Paul Shelley

The Peak District has many beauty spots but few are as popular as Stacy Winfield. Twenty-three-year-old Stacy is making her *Mayfair* debut, and seems pretty enthusiastic about the whole affair: "I was really pleased," said the 36-24-36 doll from Derbyshire. "*Mayfair* has such a good reputation all over the world. I always thought I was a bit naughty for it!" And what on earth made her think that? "I've never been the elegant sophisticated type," she replies with a giggle. "My idea of the perfect evening is a good laugh and a good bloke!"

Despite her demure appearance, Stacy reckons she's prone to bouts of "sheer raucousness". "I have been known to strip off and dance on the table at dinner parties," she admitted. "But even when I behave really badly I still seem to get away with it – some guys just love naughty girls!"

antonia



The Wiltshire countryside is dotted with large country houses. Not quite in the stately home category, but grand enough to have large gravel drives that crunch as you approach in the car. To the passer-by, the topiary and manicured lawns are indicative of the owner being a crusty Colonel likely to reward nosey visitors with a blast from his 12-bore. But the locals know that one at least is occupied by a beautiful girl – 21-year-old Antonia Melrose. Daddy's success in the city has meant Antonia leads the life most of us only dream about – a maid, housekeeper and the tricky choice of which BMW to drive that day. But Antonia has a desire money cannot buy. "I want to prove to the world that I'm a deeply sensual woman, not a tweedy old frump," she says. "Living so far from London, and in virtual isolation can be very dull. I can't go for a bop at the local disco

Photographs by John Patrick Burgess

without everyone talking. I can't meet a man in the pub without it being in the local paper. I have to invite men here, and then only 'suitable' ones, otherwise Daddy thinks I'm letting the side down." What will he think of her *Mayfair* appearance? "I suspect that he'll blow his top at first," she says, "but then I think he'll be quite proud I made the centre pages. Daddy's bought *Mayfair* for years!"

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

antonia

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

antonia

juliet

If you're searching for the perfect romantic heroine, look no further than Juliet Tennant. The 19-year-old actress from Shropshire comes from a theatrical family, hence the Shakespearean name, and she's played everything from Cleopatra to Lady Macbeth for her local rep company.

Photographs by Bob Tanner

"I used to get teased really badly at school," giggles the stunning brunette with the slender 34C-22-34 figure. "Especially when we studied 'Romeo and Juliet' and the teacher, with no subtlety at all, cast me in the starring role!

"I don't mind though, because Juliet's a sexy character, very passionate and tempestuous, and under my bubbly exterior I'm as hotblooded as she is. Of course everyone cracks the same jokes – if another person says 'Wherefore art thou, Romeo' to me I'll scream! – but I do secretly hope that one day some man will come along and sweep me dramatically off my feet.

"But don't worry, guys," the cheeky beauty reassures us, "I'm not going to sit around waiting for it to happen – after all, how can you choose your leading man until you've auditioned a few hopefuls?"

GIRL NEXT DOOR

JENNY

The large bungalows in Poole, Dorset might be owned mainly by old people, but one at least is the home of a stunning blonde. Nineteen-year-old Jenny, who measures 36C-23-36, has lived in the attractive town near Bournemouth for two years, working as a chambermaid in one of the many small hotels clustered around the harbour. "People think the area is just for wrinklies to retire to," she says, "but it can be quite lively at night when the old people are all tucked up in bed! There are a few pubs where anything can happen!" Anything

Photographs by Terry Munns

including being spotted by *Mayfair* reader Ian of Parkstone who nominated her as his dream "Girl Next Door."

"I've never thought of myself as sexy," Jenny says modestly, "though I have had my share of boyfriends. But even they call me 'cute' rather than sensual." We hate to disagree...but what about that use of the past tense? "No, there's nobody special right now, apart from Jeffrey. I sleep with him every night, and he never lets me down." Jeffrey is her teddy bear. "He's my best friend, but he was too shy to be in the photographs!" Aaaah... Ⓜ

natalie

Don't be misled by the bedside setting that's currently surrounding 20-year-old Oxfordshire-born Natalie – because that's probably the last place that you'd find her.

"I don't believe that you can afford to waste a single minute of the day," reveals Natalie, tossing her long dark hair back over her shoulders. "So you wouldn't normally find me in the bedroom at three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon! Now I've tried it, though, I can see it has some advantages..."

Natalie, who measures 38-24-34 goes on: "I work hard during the week, so I like to relax and unwind at the weekend. I've a lot of friends and we usually throw big glamorous dinner parties at each other's houses. It's the only time I get to recharge

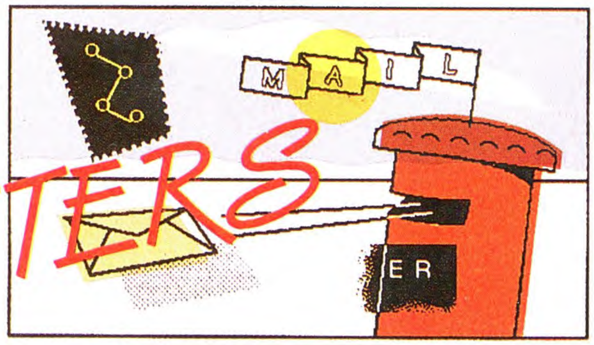
Photographs by Ralph Medland

my batteries and to meet new friends."

And has Natalie found that special friend yet?

"Oh no, I'd like to keep my independence for a long time yet! In any case, I don't think I've ever met a man yet who could keep up with my hectic lifestyle!"

LETTERS



We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Top buns - go for it!

On behalf of all the guys in our squadron, I would like to put in a plea to see a lorra Lara from Vol 26 No 3 in the future. If only some of our top brass had daughters like that then we'd all sign up for the next 30 years!

As a Tornado pilot recently returned from the Gulf, I must say that it was magazines like *Mayfair* that kept us going. We enjoyed the feature on the Tornado in Vol 26 No 2, but we'd be lying if we said that it was the serious features that we like best! In the gaps between night-time sorties, Lara was voted the girl we'd most like to share a cockpit with. One or two of the lads even had pictures of her in their planes. Michelle from the same issue came second. Blondes are big with the RAF!

So thanks, Lara for helping the war effort! Now help us win the peace by stripping off all over again.
Jacko, East Anglia

Jane's Honda work out

I might not sound like a fashionably emancipated lady, but I admit to a weakness for big motorbikes and the big guys who ride them. So when I saw your feature on the new Honda NR750 superbike, it had the same effect on me as looking at the pictures of the girls must have on your male readers! It really made me drool!

I've ridden a bike since I was 17 (I'm 25 now), and owned one for the last three years. It's a 250cc Honda (and worth considerably less than £30,000) but the feeling of roaring down the motorway at 70 mph (honestly, officer!) is indescribable. Men always ask if it turns me on, and the answer is – you bet! And as for how I feel about the blokes who ride really big bikes...well, let's just say, I don't think I could ever do it with a guy who potters around in a Vauxhall Cavalier! I wonder how many other girls feel this way?

All can say is that I'd happily pose peeling off my leathers on your centrespread in return for a ride on the NR750. Is it a deal?
Jane, Manchester

If you look as good as the NR750, June, consider the deal done —The Editor

Vivid imagination

I believe that imagination is a very important part of a good sex-life, but sometimes my husband, Dave, does take it a bit too far. He's always thinking of new and different ways to make love, and new places too! We're both in our thirties, and I make love more now than when I was in my free and single twenties.

He surprised me yet again recently when we were on our way to Bristol by train. As we pulled out of Reading, he slid his hand secretly up my skirt and squeezed the inside of my thigh, just where it's most sensitive. I gasped, and stared at him, and he winked. "See you in a minute," he said, and got up. I watched as he weaved his way down the aisle and disappeared out of the carriage. A couple of seconds later, the toilet 'engaged' sign went on. It stayed on for what seemed a very long time. I wondered what on earth Dave was getting up to in there.

My curiosity got the better of me, and I got up to investigate. I knocked on the door and he let me in. Inside the cubicle Dave had his trousers down and was massaging a huge erection. He grinned as he saw me. "I thought you'd never get here!" he said. He pulled me to him and kissed me. His erection pressed against my stomach and pussy mound, hard as a steel rod. Although I was a bit alarmed at Dave's latest idea, it was certainly a turn-on to have him so rampant.

There wasn't much room to manoeuvre, so we were squashed tightly together as Dave fondled my breasts under my blouse. He stroked his fingers lightly over the material, gently rubbing my hardening nipples, then spreading his fingers out to cup my whole boob in his hand. He opened my blouse and gently released my boobs from their front-fastening bra, stroking all the time underneath, over the nipple and round the sides right up to my armpit.

My panties were damp, and I took Dave's hand and slid it up my skirt. His hand shook with the vibrations of the train as he fingered my wet pussy lips through my curls of pubic hair. Just then the train swung round a corner and we were thrown against the wall. Dave's swollen cock bumped against me, and I moaned, "Put it in me." As he slid his beautiful cock deep inside me, someone tried the door. "We'll have to be quick!" I said, and Dave pulled my legs tight round him, bouncing me hard up and down. Delicious sensations shot through me, as we bounced and bumped round the tiny cubicle, trying not to make a sound. I bit Dave's shoulder as I climaxed, so that I wouldn't cry out, and at the same time, I felt Dave coming inside me.

After a swift cleanup, it was time to resume our seats. But how to get out without arousing suspicion? It proved to be impossible – because as I bent over and pressed my ear to the door, Dave slid his hand back up my skirt and began fondling my still-throbbing bud. Before I knew it we were off again, and spent the rest of the journey locked in our love-cubicle!
Sandra, London

Rendez-vous

I'm a successful freelance journalist, and I do a lot of travelling for research purposes. I was in Paris a few weeks ago, sitting in a pavement cafe sipping wine, when my eye was caught by this gorgeous girl striding past.

She had long auburn hair and the most incredible body wrapped in a tight top and leggings, through which the extremely erotic mound of her pussy pressed. She had a walk which made me instantly hard and I simply had to get up and follow her.

There was a flower stall by the side of the road and I rushed up and exchanged several francs for a huge bouquet of flowers. I ran up behind her, tapped her on the shoulder and

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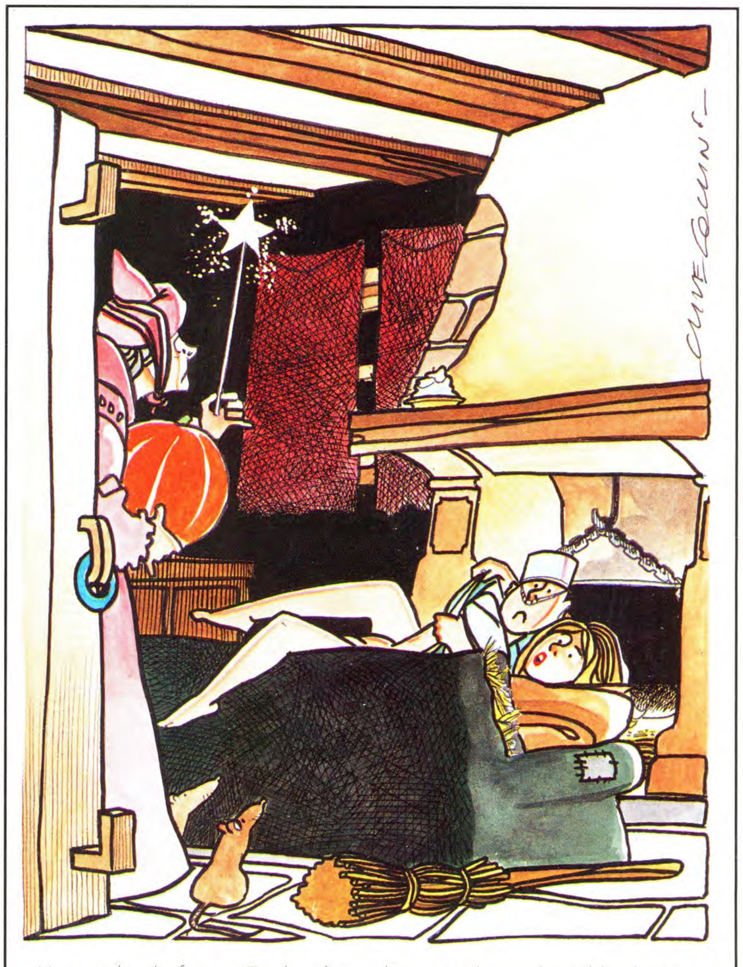


It's very kind of you, Godmother... but quite honestly, I'd be happy to stay at home this evening

LETTERS
MAIL
ER

Coventry climax

I'm sorry but I'm going to have to give up buying *Mayfair* for the good of my health! Simone from my home town has led to severe heart palpitations, periods of breathlessness, embarrassing swellings in the groin region and my doctor says I have to take it easy. I wouldn't mind but I'm only twenty-two.

Those bouncing boobs, that pert but beautifully curved bottom, and those lips that were just made for...excuse me, I shall have to take a couple more of the tablets my GP gave me. I've told the doc that the thought of a Simone-free diet would make me clinically depressed, and that would be even worse than the odd outbreak of sweating and a pulse rate in the 180s. So he has decided to wean me off her gently. I'm only allowed to take one look at Vol 26 No 4, three times a day after meals. My next glimpse is in an hour's time. I'm not sure I'll make it!

However, all joking aside, Simone is the sexiest girl I've seen for quite some time. Keep up the good work, *Mayfair*!
RJ, Coventry

Continued from page 4

handed her the flowers. As she turned round I found myself looking at a face I knew, and it slowly dawned on me that it was Suzanne – a girl I hadn't seen since I was fourteen! At that time she was a skinny thing with glasses and buck teeth; but she was now somehow transformed into a magical, sophisticated creature.

We chatted and it materialised that she was a fashion consultant and had only just arrived in Paris. "It's lovely to meet an old friend," she said. "Come back to my hotel for a drink."

In the hotel bar I bought her a drink, and as we talked about our schooldays, I couldn't take my eyes off her gorgeous face and the soft rise and fall of her breasts. I could tell she was thinking along the same lines as me – she looked intently into my eyes as she spoke, and her eyes flickered down occasionally to my obviously bulging groin.

There was no point disguising it. After all these years we finally had ferocious hots for each other! With barely another word said we went up to her room, where I watched as she slowly stripped in front of me. Under her clothes she wore a silk camisole and a tiny silk G-string. Soft reddish-brown pubic hair curled round the sides, and as she slid the camisole over her head, I gasped at the smooth skin of her belly revealed, followed by the most beautiful pair of boobs I've seen. Stretched for a moment as she undressed, they bobbed back into place, two perfect upturned orbs. My cock was straining at my fly as she came over, smiling.

She got on her knees and took me gently into her mouth. I twined my fingers through her soft hair as she slid her lips up and down my rod. She gripped my buttocks with her hands to draw me deeper and deeper into her warm mouth. I could feel my balls buzzing as she sucked harder and cupped and stroked them, and I began to thrust gently between her lips. It wasn't long before, with a groan, I came strongly into her mouth, and without a hesitation she swallowed every drop.

Neither of us got much work done on that business trip; we spent most of the days and nights in Suzanne's hotel, catching up on lost time!
Paul Norwich.

In suspense

Mayfair has always been fabulous, but you surpassed yourself with Vol 26 No 4. As someone who is very fond of girls in stockings and suspenders, I thought this edition was superb. Starting with a very quick, but very welcome return of Sam, it just got better and better. Tina's delight in wearing patent leather heels was matched by her lovely legs and superb breasts. Add to this her sweet look of innocence and the most beautiful lips I've ever seen, and you have a cracker! Please, please, more of Tina in her black underwear and high heels!
M W Norwich

Merc-y past

As the owner of a Mercedes 500 SEL, I was pleased to see that *Mayfair* is maintaining its high standard of motoring journalism with their piece on the marque in Vol 26 No 4.

I know Mercedes have a reputation for efficiency and safety but in my youth I used to throw an SL round the local pub car park to impress the girls! Just because they're safe doesn't mean they can't be fun. These days I still enjoy a good thrash – when the M25 isn't at a standstill!
J T, Sussex

That gives you about one session a year by our count, JT – The Editor

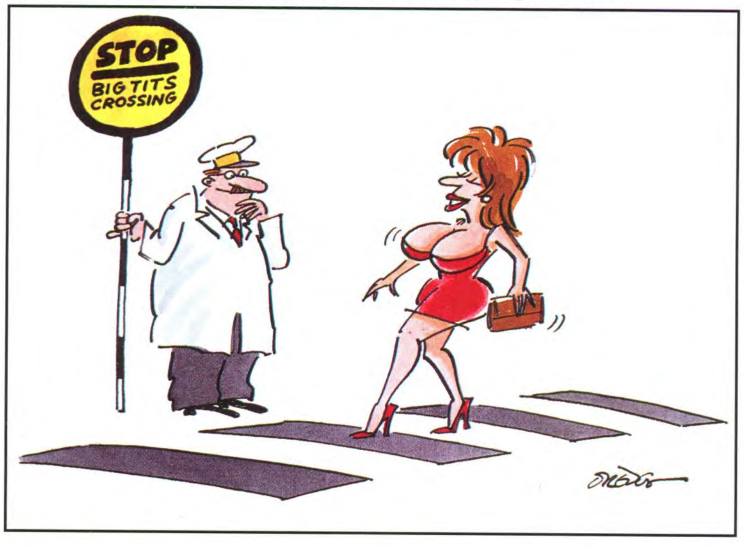
Dee-lectable!

I have always been a fan of the fifties starlet look, so what a treat it was for me to see Dee, the Girl Next Door, Vol 26 No 4. Curled up like a cat on the rug, with her come-to-bed eyes gazing through her blonde hair, she was by far the most sultry girl I've seen since Marilyn Monroe! Although I'm too young to remember it first time round, the fifties seems to have definitely got it right as far as the female shape goes: full thighs and boobs, a trim waist, and that can't-wait-for-sex look. Thanks *Mayfair*, for showing us Dee!
DA, Somerset

Lessons in love

It may sound silly or strange, but I felt I had to write this letter because *Mayfair* has changed my life for the better, and I wanted you to know about it. I was a virgin when I was married and knew very little about sex. As a result, my sex-life with my husband Gordon never really got underway, and it was not long before I discovered he was having an affair. It was then that I decided something had to be done. I mustered all my courage and cleared the newsagent's of all the men's magazines.

While my husband was at work I started to study – and what a revelation it was! I saw the bodies of the girls in *Mayfair*, and realised that, rather than them being shameful, as I had always secretly thought, they were very beautiful. In fact I could feel myself beginning to get aroused.



As I flicked through the magazines, I felt a tingling between my legs, and in one small spot, a sort of throb. I pressed the throbbing spot through my skirt and gasped as a sharp rush of pleasure shot up my spine. I had never experienced such an intense sensation. The gusset of my panties began to feel sticky against the soft skin of my inner thighs, and when I reached under my skirt and touched myself through the material, the tingling spread deep inside my pussy.

I took off all my clothes, and trembling with unfamiliar excitement, I sat on the bed with my legs open and a mirror propped in front of me. For the first time I saw my own pussy, glistening wet.

I ran my finger gently through the soft pubic hair, feeling my labia swollen and wet. Between them, I was warmer and wetter still, and my finger slid, almost by accident, deep inside my pussy. I shuddered with the beginnings of my first orgasm. My clitoris, which I could see poking out of its hood, was aching to be touched.

Keeping one finger sliding in and out of my pussy, imagining it was Gordon's strong cock thrusting into me, I pressed my clitoris gently with my other hand. My back arched and I moaned as wave after wave of unaccustomed ecstasy coursed through every nerve. I watched in the mirror as my sticky fingers rubbed between my sensitive love lips, faster and faster, until suddenly, my thighs clamped together as I experienced my first climax. It seemed to last for hours, and when I finally collapsed exhausted back on the pillows, I felt satisfied for the first time in my life.

When my husband arrived home, I began my attempt to win him back. I knew it wouldn't be difficult when he saw how liberated his quiet wife had become. I dressed in some new sexy underwear, then after handing him a drink, repeated the afternoon's performance. My husband watched in amazement as I writhed and arched in front of him as I had in front of my mirror that day. As my fingers filled my pussy and brought me to the brink

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of another orgasm, Gordon, breathing unevenly, left his place on the bed and joined in.

It was the most exciting evening of my sex-life, and there have been many more since. Our marriage has been revolutionised!
KS, Carlisle

Back to basics

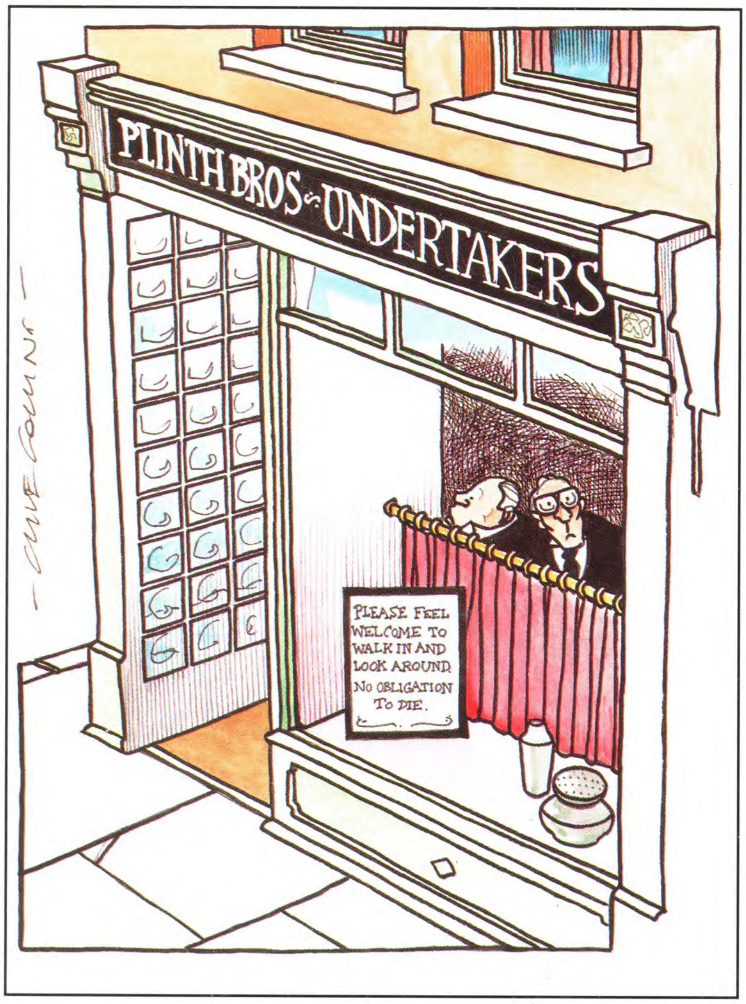
There's been a lot written over the years about the various sexual positions which are supposed to enhance your sex-life, but my live-in girlfriend Miriam and I have found that one basic position always results in the best time for us both. I like to slide my cock deep into her from behind. I can feel every inch of her slippery pussy this way and the sight of her quivering bum cheeks as I'm thrusting deep into her never fails to please! She says it's best for her too, because she can wriggle against me, and rub herself at the same time. Sometimes, I reach under and do it for her, or I fondle her soft boobs, rubbing them between my hands and kneading them together as we both approach a climax. Miriam likes to bend over the bed which we've adjusted to just the right height for me to slide into her. It always ends up as a really noisy, fun session, all the better for being spontaneous. Going back to basics has certainly been a real eye-opener!
DN, Edinburgh

Driving frolics

I was twenty-two a few months ago, so I decided it was about time that I took some driving lessons. Little did I know it would turn out to be an amazing sexual experience too!

My first surprise was that my driving instructor was a woman. The second that she was extremely attractive and had an immediate sexual effect on me. I've only ever had one lesbian experience, a long time ago when I was at college, and I have had a string of boyfriends, so I was surprised that this woman should immediately make me nervous, and fascinated.

On my first lesson, Gillian did everything she could to put me at ease. She had beautiful brown eyes and thick dark hair that fell in waves over her shoulders. She smiled warmly, and said, "Don't worry, I can tell you'll do just fine." She seemed to hold my glance for a little longer than was necessary and I felt myself blush and look away.


PLINTH BROS & UNDERTAKERS
PLEASE FEEL WELCOME TO WALK IN AND LOOK AROUND NO OBLIGATION TO DIE.
Clive Collins

The first lesson went smoothly, and I booked up for a second. As I got into the car, I noticed she was wearing a very thin blouse, through which I could see her bra-less breasts moving gently as the car bumped on the uneven road. I could barely concentrate as I saw the tiny peaks of her nipples poking through the material, and the shadow of the cleavage between them. She knew I was looking, because she said, "I don't think you're watching the road very much, are you?"

Too nervous to answer, I shook my head, and she calmly directed me off the main road and into a small country lane.

"We can park here," she said, indicating a quiet layby. I stopped the car, and gasped as Gillian moved gently over to me and kissed me.

"You've been thinking about this, haven't you?" she whispered. She pulled me to her, her hands exploring my body and settling on the roundness of my breasts. She touched me through my blouse very gently, so that I arched towards her to increase the contact. My nipples stood up at her touch, and goosebumps shivered across my body.

I began to kiss her back, helpless as she kneaded my breasts harder, sending burning pulses of pleasure straight to my damp pussy. I pressed her hand through my jeans onto it, and rubbed against her.

Her hand crept up to my zip and she undid it. I never wear briefs under jeans, and this seemed to please her. "You horny girl," she breathed as I wriggled out of the jeans and threw them over my shoulder into the back of the car.

Her hand moved to my pussy mound, brushing through the hair, and she moaned as she felt how wet I was. She stroked my slit teasingly, my juice flowing over her fingers, then she lifted her fingers to her face, and gently licked them.

"You taste beautiful," she said, and that excited me so much, that I couldn't hold back. I pulled off her blouse, so hard I almost ripped it and sank my lips onto her nipples.

They were as gorgeous as my glimpses had promised. They poked eagerly into my mouth, seeming to grow as I sucked them, and cupped them in my hands. She began to thrust deeply into my pussy, with first one finger then two, then three, which set me on fire. I squealed in pleasure as she became more insistent, kissing me harder, pulling my hair, and rubbing her wet fingers over my thighs, squeezing my bum cheeks.

She suddenly sat away from me and hitched up her skirt. "Kiss me here," she said, with her eyes half closed, pointing to her delicious fanny, barely covered by a tiny white G-string. I ran my tongue through her dark pussy hair, smelling her juice. My tongue explored her outer lips then darted in, and I knew I'd touched her clit, because she moaned and pushed her mound against my face.

Her perfume filled my lungs, and in response I licked her harder. I pulled the G-string to one side and sank my tongue into her pussy. Her juice was flowing freely and I tasted it for the first time. Her pussy walls were warm and tensed with the beginnings of a climax. I licked her clitty, then darted back to her hole, faster and faster, till my tongue ached, and she cried "Yes! Yes!" before arching against me and writhing with a consuming orgasm.

I was feeling a little deprived as she seemed to have forgotten about me, but she reassured me. "Don't worry, it's your turn now," she said and pushed me back. With incredible expertise, she slipped her fingers between my love lips, and began to fondle me, before beginning her delicious thrusting again. It wasn't long before I felt my whole body contract with my own burning climax.

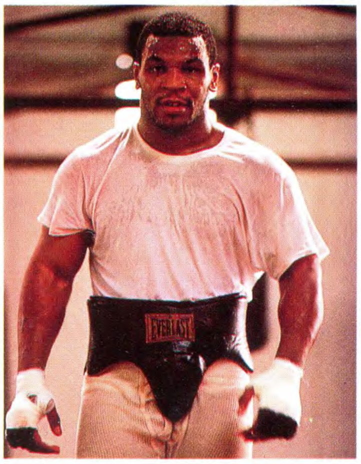
I passed my driving test with flying colours after all my extra lessons and I have to say that after my experience with Gillian, ordinary sex has paled into insignificance. But as I still really fancy men, I have begun to invite them to join in with my lesbian escapades. I haven't had a refusal yet!
Cassie, Rotherham

Buxom beauty

Trust *Mayfair* to see the potential of ample Annie (Vol 26 No 4). Most other glamour magazines would shy away from such a curvaceous figure, thinking that their readers prefer the lithe, sporty bodies of leaner models. Myself, I have always adored larger women, with their cuddly bodies and soft boobs; I consider them much more feminine – *real* women. Annie was gorgeous, and I hope we get to see even more of her!
PR Cheshire

SCENE

Making the Scene this month: sensual classics from Janet Reger (opposite), crucial cycles (page 18), Lysette Anthony and Mrs Rod Stewart caught on camera (page 19), the rise, fall and rise of Iron Mike Tyson (page 20), Tony Price on the stunning Mitsubishi HSRII (page 28) and the finest sounds and sights of the month. How could you ask for more?



mayfair says

WE KNOW that spring has arrived when the *Times* prints letters from crusty vicars in Somerset about the first cuckoo. We know summer is (almost) here when *Mayfair* girls start undressing in the great outdoors.

This month three ladies bare their charms out in the open: our lovely cover girl Katie Orgill, the beautiful Helene on page 30, and stunning centrefold Antonia. We think there's something especially sexy about outdoor photosets, so we'll be letting our girls loose a lot more over the next few months. If you think you know of an outstanding location for a shoot, drop us a line!

This month also sees the first of our new regular columns. In *on the road* writer, traveller and general nutcase Max Anderson reports back from his strange encounters all over the world. He appears on page 36 – directly opposite the lovely Stacy. A lucky man... – *The Editor*

gizmos

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!

WITH so many camcorders on the market with very little to choose between them it comes as a relief to find one that really stands out from the crowded shelves.

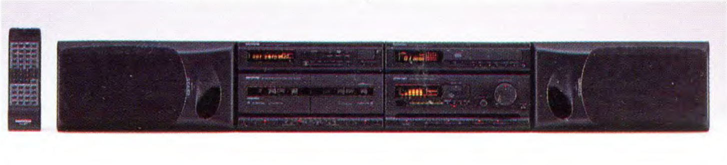
The Canon A11 (out in July) boasts a state-of-the-art variable zoom control that leaves other cam-corders standing. Rarely found on amateur cameras, the sophisticated zoom is controlled by a pressure button so the harder you squeeze, the closer your subject appears. A whole host of easy-to-operate features, including a colour liquid crystal display, remote control and headphone terminal, means that all the operator has to do is choose the subject and point the camera in the right direction.

At £1099.99 the Canon A11 isn't the cheapest cam-corder you'll come across, but with all the added extras it's great value; the zoom brings a whole new dimension to your home movies. At last you'll be able to find out why the woman in the house opposite makes all those funny noises in the morning – and film her doing it! (The hoovering, that is.)

DAT'S THE WAY WE LIKE IT

IF YOU'VE been holding off buying a CD because you've heard that Digital Audio Tape is on the way and even better, you may have wondered what happened to it. Well, at last Kenwood have produced one at a reasonable (by DAT standard) price. For £699.99, you get a machine that has CD quality, is as simple to use as a normal cassette but offers individual track selection, a longer running time (up to four hours per cassette) and is somewhat sturdier. You can also record with it, though we wouldn't dare suggest you copy your CDs. *(Oh yes we would – Ed.)*

The Kenwood DX-7030 can be used in conjunction with other hi-fi equipment such as their CD players, midi systems and AV videos which they reckon are as good as having the Odeon Leicester Square in your living room (without the boring film buff behind you), or as a truly hi-tech portable. How long we have to wait before DAT cassettes are as cheap and available as CDs is another matter.

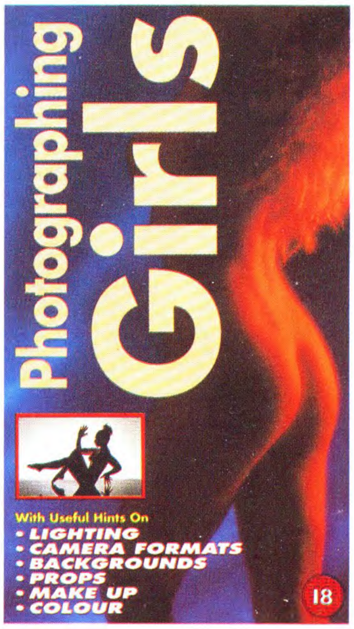


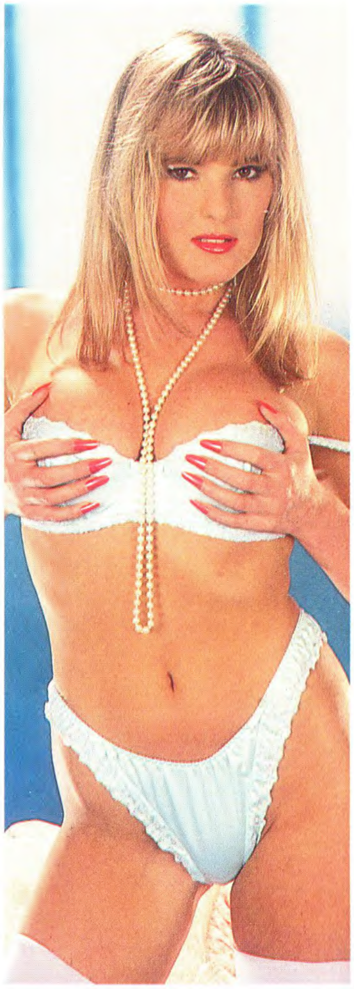
photography

PUT HER IN THE PICTURE

EVER wondered how *Mayfair's* photographers get such beautiful results from their photo sessions, or, perhaps more likely, fancied having a go yourself? Well, K-Tel, more famous for their cheap compilation albums, have come up with their own instructional video. *Photographing Girls* (K-Tel £9.99 Certificate 18) tells you everything you need to know about shooting models in a studio from portrait to nude glamour pics.

Your guide is professional photographer Peter Barry who also shows you how to set up the lighting, choose props and backgrounds and help your model with her make-up. He even explains how to "establish a rapport" with the girl! For those of you who've never really mastered the Instamatic and aren't really bothered even trying – yes, here are lots of sequences of sexy girls with no clothes on. But since the video lasts only 35 minutes, it's more a quick flash than a lengthy exposure! *Photographing Girls* is available from most High Street video shops.





mayfair reads

Our round up of the tastiest true stories from the world's press

A NORFOLK church has refused to take money from one of the congregation because she's a stripper. Hannah Willis, 32, says she strips to save sinners and raise money for the church. "There are a lot of perverted men out there," claims Hannah, whose act includes shaking her breasts in the faces of men after inviting them up on stage "for a hit". She claims that her act brings the audience "closer to God" — *Cromer Observer*

A FRIGHTENED Italian couple returned home to find an intruder in the house, brandishing a shotgun and sporting a matching lacy bra and panties. The woman recognised them as her own and pointed this out to her husband, who overpowered the burglar. Nothing had been stolen, but the intruder had ransacked the wife's wardrobe while trying, he later confessed, to find a pair of stockings to match his outfit — *Novella 2000*

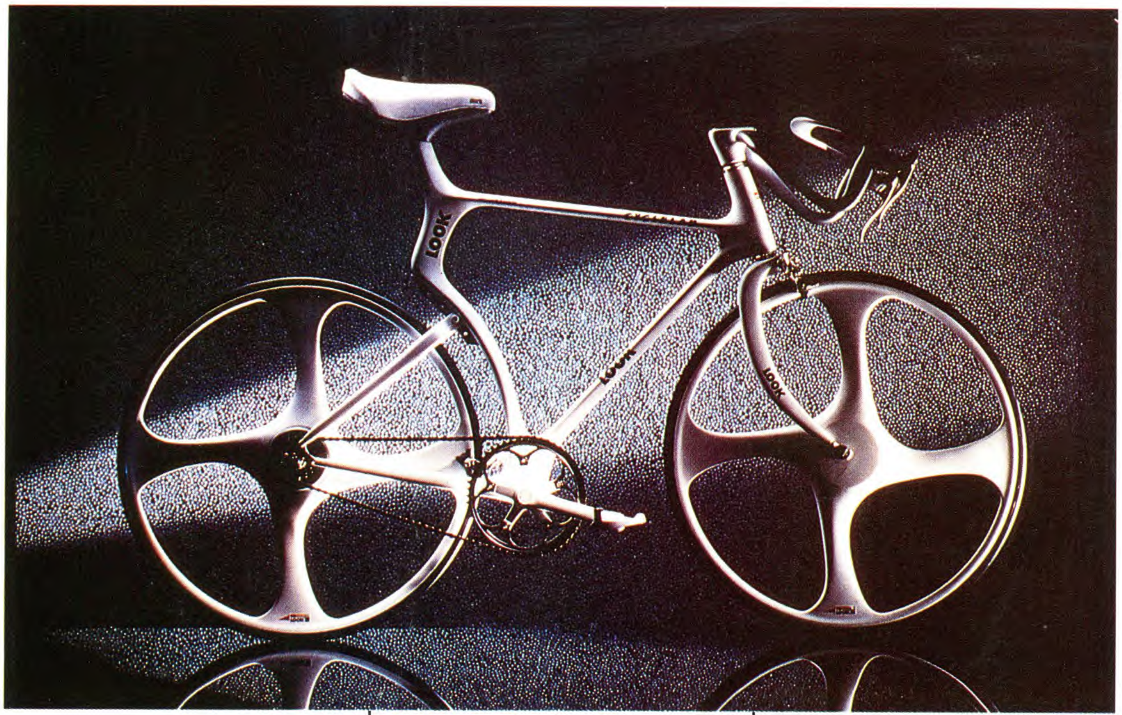
A CALIFORNIAN passed his exams by eating a mealworm. His science teacher, Julius Jensenberg, offered students the option of raising their grades by putting creepy crawlies in their mouths. Academically dim students could gain a lowly five points by putting a worm in their mouths, but get a grade-busting 20 for chewing and swallowing it. Most students preferred to stay up all night revising — *The Globe*

glamour

SHEER DELIGHT

JANET REGER's exquisite lingerie designs have long been the classic, seductive pressie for your latest flame. But if you're the kind of guy who says he loves her with sexy undies, at £89 for a pair of French knickers and £357 for a nightdress, you'd be as well to check with your bank manager before you even think about it. Special men-only shopping nights fuelled with free-flowing bubbly, plus the added bonus of Page Three girl Kathy Lloyd modelling some of the saucier designs, made Christmas shopping seem almost fun last year.

The sensation of these luxurious creations against the skin is guaranteed to make any girl feel just a little bit naughty, so why not give your favourite lady (or even your wife!) a scrumptious satin camiknicker or delicate lace basque and wait for her to melt into your arms. Then again, you could just treat yourself to a pair of boxer shorts – a snip at £69. (*! – Ed.*) A mail order catalogue is available on 081 850 2211.



mountain biking

ROUGH RIDERS

YOU GET what you pay for in the high-tech world of mountain bikes. The latest state-of-the-art two-wheeler will set you back a cool £2,300, but it achieves standards of construction that outclass many a motorbike.

Hydraulic suspension is the latest development in the upper price range. Air and oil damping in the Saracen Conquest's front forks is designed to absorb shocks on the downward trail — and this suspension can be pump-adjusted for each individual rider's needs. Cannondale's SE Omega also has rear suspension, helping your bike (and bum!) withstand the bumps, knocks and bashes that come with the territory.

The greatest task facing designers is how to make each joule of effort on the part of the rider count on a rock-strewn mountain surface. The essential factors are lightness and strength, and the difficulty has been in balancing the two. Until now, carbon fibre was favoured for strength and aluminium for lightness, but heat-treated aluminium combines the virtues of both.

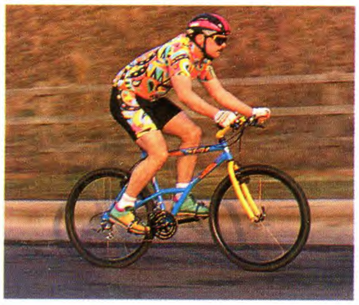
Advanced components include everything from handlebar grips to a space age bike computer called the MAXone for measuring the mechanical energy the rider is producing. The MAXone is composed of three parts: a display monitor, rear hub and cable. Your pedalling force is transmitted through the chain and freewheel to a central torsion shaft on the rear hub. A mechanical amplifier then amplifies the torque placed on the shaft and this information is calculated and transmitted to a digital display head on the handlebars. The price tag for knowing how hard you're working? A mere £150. Or you could always rely on that throbbing pain in your thighs.

Peugeot's Team Canyon (£600) incorporates a new design of chain wheel – oval rather than round, which keeps the pedals moving at the crucial crossover point between the downward pressure and upwards momentum. This of course rules out freewheeling down hills, but then serious biker pedals downhill as well.

The company which makes many of the top components, Look, have also produced a prototype called the Cyclelab. Its frame is moulded rather than assembled, and it finally does away with the concept of spokes once and for all, producing the most aerodynamic and torsion-resistant lines so far.

Given plenty of money and a good grasp of technology, there has never been a more exciting time for the serious bike enthusiast. But before you splash out your cash and dress up like a lycra banana to whizz down impossible slopes, pause for a moment – despite all the advances in alloy-tubed bikes and hi-tech shock absorbers, the saddle still feels like you're sitting on a rubber razor blade.

Top: the Cyclelab from Look, a concept bike used to test the latest technical advances. Above right: the Saracen Conquest in action. Below: putting Saracen's Kili Flyer through its paces



mayfair hears

Who said that? Mayfair sticks its ear where it doesn't belong

'I'd like to come back as Matt Dillon's underpants '— Boy George on reincarnation.

'Bruce used to have sex with lots of people. Now he just has it with me' — Demi Moore on husband Bruce Willis's philandering past.

'They could just as easily print that I had sex with a goat' — Bruce Willis on other wholly unfounded reports of his philandering past.

'It's pretty obvious if you're going to beat someone up you're not going to pick on someone like me' — Dolph Lundgren on his lack of bar room brawls.

'When I'm pumping iron it feels like coming with a woman' — Arnold Schwarzenneger on muscular masturbation.

FLASH!

THE FIRST of two famous faces caught in the Mayfair Flash this month is 27-year-old actress Lysette Anthony (left), who's no stranger to men's magazines – she once stripped naked for Playboy! Stunning Lysette made her name in the BBC sitcom Three Up, Two Down and is currently living in the United States where she plays a saucy French maid on TV.

But sorry guys, she's already spoken for – even as luscious Lysette accidentally showed us more than her sexy smile, she was getting out of a cab on the way to her own wedding!

Our second blushing bride is leggy blonde New Zealander Rachel Hunter (above) – but you'll probably know her better as Mrs Rod Stewart number three. Ex-fashion model Rachel, just 22 this year, needed every inch of those gorgeous legs to catch the superstar Scot's wandering eye, and they certainly caught ours too!

The ecstasy: Tyson's hammering fists end Frank Bruno's title hopes

sport

IRON MIKE BOUNCES BACK

MIKE TYSON once said: "I honestly do not believe there is a human being on this planet who can kick my butt." That was before James 'Buster' Douglas had the temerity to put Tyson *on* his butt, before a disastrous marriage and more scrapes than Evil Knievel – and before more women than most men dream about.

"Right up until the day of the Douglas fight, pussy was literally wheeled in and out of his hotel room in Tokyo," revealed one insider. "It was a wonder he had the energy to step through the ropes, let alone fight." His sexual schedule would have exhausted most mere mortals, but even then, Iron Mike could still have won but for a controversial long count.

Now, 16 frustrated months after Tokyo, the most fearsome fighter of the modern era has mellowed: broads no longer arrive via the room service trolley, the extra-curricular brawls have all but ceased: training is taken seriously.

Tyson is also taking smaller divots from the $500m fortune his fists have amassed since making their awesome entrance to the sport in 1985. He's still only 24 and the world heavyweight title is very much on the horizon. But the thing he craves most remains elusive:

"I wanna go down with the greatest – the Louis's, the Alis, Dempseys, the John L. Sullivans," he is fond of saying. Until that misadventure in the Orient, he looked certain to join them – but the picture now is a lot more hazy. After meeting Donovan 'Razor' Ruddock in what was meant to be a mere stepping stone on the return leg to invincibility, Tyson required the premature intervention of the referee to clinch an unconvincing seventh round stoppage. After Ruddock had rightly demanded and got a return bout, the Canadian declared: "I swear he's beatable. I feel it in my heart. He ain't a killer like people say."

On the evidence of that lacklustre performance, Tyson is not the irresistible force which once rampaged through the heavyweight ranks like a tank through a tulip field. From the moment he clambered through the ropes looking more like Andy Pandy than a Raging Bull, the menace was missing.

Instead of wearing his traditional warrior's uniform – black trunks, black boots, no socks and terrible intentions – Tyson donned a clown's suit to protect him from the Nevada night chill. But was it a wise precaution when, by revealing such a human frailty, he may have removed the chill that was once a permanent resident in his opponent's spine?

The agony: Buster Douglas finally proves the man of iron has feet of clay

The snarl was still there, but the snap in his punches was missing. As Ruddock tied him up in embarrassing tangles, observers looked in vain for the ferocity which had earned comparison with the legends he sought desperately to join. A squat 5'11", he seemed small and almost vulnerable against the 6'4" Canadian.

Tyson used to compensate for his lack of height with a monstrous ring demeanour: an upper torso and nineteen and three-quarter-inch neck that was more Henry Moore than human, while the power and intensity of his punching was the stuff some pistons would envy. "I understand anatomy," he claimed after nearly decapitating an opponent.

All this was accompanied by a hand speed that delivered the murderous blows in a devastating blur. It was easy to see why such luminaries as Jose Torres, the boxing commissioner for New York State, had observed: "Tyson is so fast and powerful he is almost impossible to resist. He is slicker than Foreman, bigger than Rocky Marciano, and faster and more powerful than Joe Frazier. There is no-one to compare with him in terms of punching power."

One of his victims was asked if he had ever come across anything as devastating as Tyson's left hook. After a moment's thought, he murmured: "Yeah, about a year ago when I was hit by a truck."

In that incongruous lisp of his, Tyson would simply shrug: "I like fightin'. I like it so much you can screw the money. Screw everythin' – I just wanna fight. Fight to the finish."

He first discovered he had dynamite in his fists when he "beat the livin' crap" out a kid who had decapitated his favourite pigeon in front of him. Even for an unrefined academy like Brownsville, New York, such behaviour was a bit much and Tyson, who had put up with being called 'fairy boy' because of his lisp, took matters into those hands of his.

After that, his career as a tearaway in a gang called the Jolly Stompers was assured. "They held guns – I just put the stuff in the bag. I was 11." But it was not until he vented his frustration in the gym of an upstate delinquent school that he came under the tutelage of Cus D'Amato, the ageing guru who had coaxed Patterson to the world title. And his venom found direction.

"If you wanna listen," D'Amato told him, "you can become the champ one day." "I wanna listen," said Tyson. And he did. Paroled to the old man, who eventually adopted him, Tyson was to confirm his potential as possibly the most lethal predator ever to stalk the division. But not before D'Amato died.

Under the guidance of Bill Cayton and Jim Jacobs, Tyson duly achieved the ultimate crown. But then Jacobs died and without his restraining hand, Tyson went on a wild spree – there were brawls and broads, fast cars, one near-fatal crash, one ill-fated marriage to actress Robyn Givens, problems with his mother-in-law and management... and that night in Japan, the excesses caught up with him. Screw the money, indeed.

Now he insists: "I have changed in the last couple of years, like most people do when they get older. I go to see handicapped kids, I train harder but I still ain't no angel. I have a wild streak in me. I don't take no shit. You rip into me and I'll rip right back."

Tyson has not recently added to his 2,000-fight video collection, but he will have studied the Holyfield – Foreman clash with added interest. The frustrating thing for the 24-year-old is that he must first deal with Ruddock – without any favours from the referee – before attempting to regain the crown.

Many are betting that the fighter who ripped apart the opposition like nobody since Rocky Marciano is finished. Maybe: but those faint hearts are the same people who said such a young, unsophisticated fighter could never take the title in the first place, and they have had to eat their words once already. If he stays off the birds and the canvas, the boy from Brownsville might fight his way into history yet. – *Bob Holmes* motoring

HSXTASY

THERE'S little to beat the satisfaction of breaking a record, and if you don't believe that ask anyone who's thrown a copy of Kylie Minogue's latest under a bus.

Or try asking Mitsubishi, who've broken more than a few in their time. Their ridiculously-named Starion, for example, quickly became the world's fastest two-litre production car, whilst a later balls-out development vehicle called the HSR (High Speed Research) used the fastest two-litre engine ever built. Incidentally, the same technology later enabled a Galant saloon to score a surprise win in the RAC Rally, and an overall victory in the British Open Rally Championship.

Never ones to sit back on their laurels, Mitsubishi have produced a successor called, appropriately enough, HSR II. The 'R' means that, sadly, they're not planning to sell any of them – it's a concept car, merely intended to serve as part technology test bed and part publicity stunt – but then with the Japanese you never know your luck.

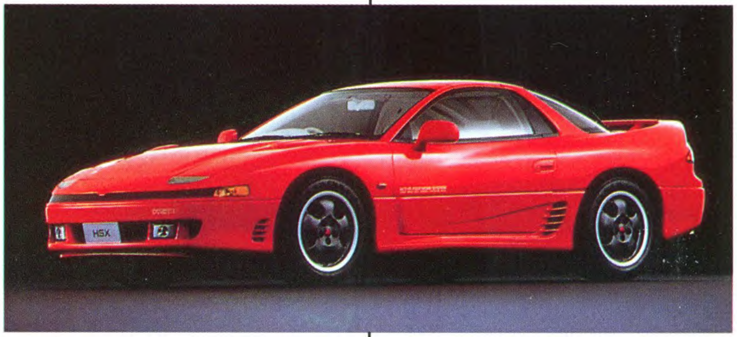
Not so long ago, concept cars were literally all show and no go, and at Earls Court and the Lingotto the bonnets remained firmly locked in order to hide the fact that the engines were incomplete or, in some cases, even absent. But all that changed with the advent of cars like the Nissan Mid-4, a showcar which actually worked and which, if the powers-that-be had deemed it necessary, could have actually been put into production.

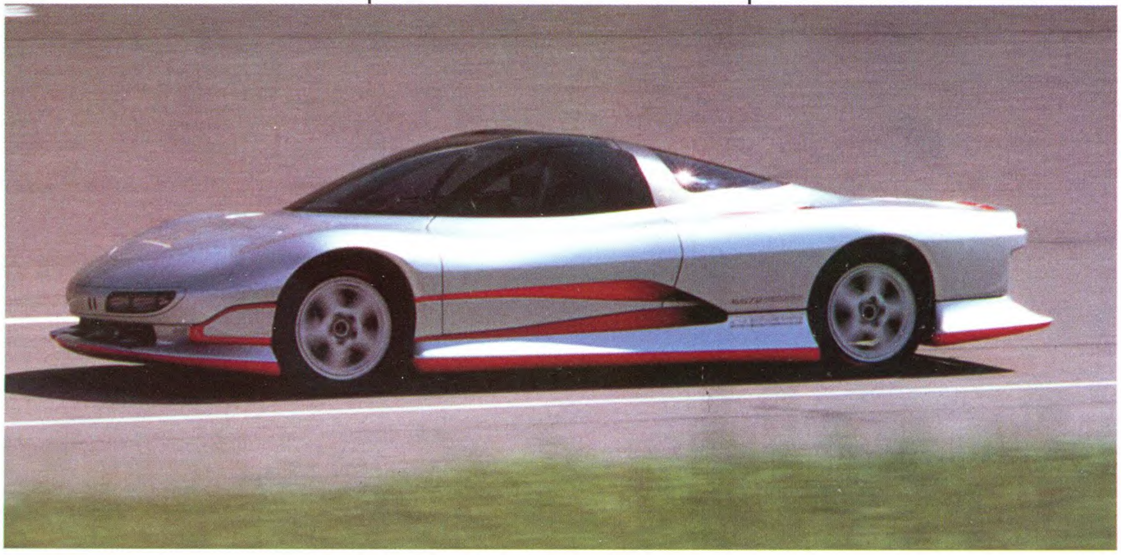
Others quickly followed their lead, the upshot being that many of these design studies – particularly the Oriental ones – had a funny habit of finding their way into production (the NSX, Zl, and SZ30 to name but three).

And so it is that in one form or another more than a few elements of the HSR II are likely to find their way into the showrooms and onto the roads in something called the HSX. Due here in the not-too-distant future, it may not look quite as flash as the HSR II but the two are definitely sisters under the skin.

The HSR II combines the sublime and the ridiculous, the outrageous and the ordinary, the green and the mean. On the one hand it's a slightly oversized city car for the year 2000, with a nice easy automatic gearbox, a three way catalytic converter and the ability to parallel-park itself while you're out shopping.

But on the other it's a 260 mph rocket with an advanced self-tuning engine, a near four-second 0-60 capability, and ample evidence that Mitsubishi isn't wasting its £400 million annual research and development budget.





Top and below: the stunning HSRII, displaying the futuristic lines that have made it the most talked-about concept car this decade. Above: the production model HSX

The heart of the HSR II is a three-litre quadvalve V6 which develops a stonking 350 bhp at 7,000 revs, and has a torque band wider than the M4 – more than 325 lbs/ft are available all the way from 2500 to 4500 rpm. The whole ensemble comes clothed in a futuristic Stealth-tech bodyshell designed to slip by or beneath any radar trap-bearing jam sandwich parked on the hard shoulder.

Its super-smooth shape, topped by a wide, low glass dome of a roof, would be as slippery as a raindrop even without its active aerodynamics. With low skirts, front and rear airdams and all-flush architecture, it puts in a drag-coefficient which is well to the right of the decimal point. Three mega-memory on-board computers, with a mass of sensors located throughout the entire body, ensure that the HSR II is permanently set up to optimize the considerable grunt available to any driver lucky enough to get a chance to drive the thing.

The absence of a manual gearbox is probably a good thing too, since most of us couldn't shift up fast enough: instead it has a state-of-the-art four speed automatic transmission unit mated to the company's much vaunted Active Footwork System. This comprises four wheel-drive, four wheel-steering, immense low profile 245/45-17 tyres, and – a good job too – multi-channel anti-lock brakes to pull the whole thing to a halt before the laws of physics take over.

Technology not dissimilar to this can be found on Mitsubishi's roadcars – the Galant, for example, already features a 'Dynamic Four' 4WD/4WS set-up and ABS brakes – but it is the HSX that will really give us a chance to find out what the company's eggheads are doing with all that money.

At first glance the HSX doesn't look a lot like the HSR; in fact, to be honest, no matter how closely you peer, it doesn't look anything like it. Instead it's got some Supra elements in there somewhere, and even a touch of Celica if you look hard enough, though visually it is a lot tougher than anything Toyota have come up with. It's also a damn sight faster – with the same 24 valve engine as its concept cousin (though detuned to 'only' 300 horsepower at 5,500 rpm), it's beginning to chase the Ferrari 348tB with a similar power output.

There's much improved torque, and pretty similar performance – 165-175 mph top whack and 0-60 in less than five and a half seconds. The 348 has that indefinable thing we call the Ferrari mystique, but the HSX has to rely on rather more tangible benefits like twin intercoolers, two turbochargers, electronically controlled suspension and a modified version of the aforementioned Active Footwork System. This, along with flexible front and rear aerofoils to enhance high speed stability, gives the car exciting and flawless handling of a very high order indeed.

Whilst no-one is doubting the excellence and integrity of Ferrari, part of their mystique is the fact that they are a bit of a handful. Never intended for everyman, they deliver the goods – but only if you know what you're doing. The Japanese, of course, do things differently.

For a start, they don't believe that high performers have to be hard work. The Honda NSX is a case in point – driven like a Ford, it handles like a Ferrari. There's no need for the driver to be an expert – the genius is instead to be found under the bonnet and at each corner of the car. In this respect the HSX is likely to be similar, its four wheel-drive and four-wheel steering giving fast, stable handling and limpet-like road holding backed up by the security of ABS brakes.

The price of the HSX has yet to be announced, but given that it's Japanese you can be sure that, should it make it to a showroom near you, it'll be peanuts compared to anything Europe can come up with. That may seem tragic – but when you're behind the wheel of the HSR II, it takes a lot more than worries about the future of British car manufacturing to take the silly grin off your face. – *Tony Price*

mayfair recommends

Our selection of the best entertainment on offer this month

FILMS

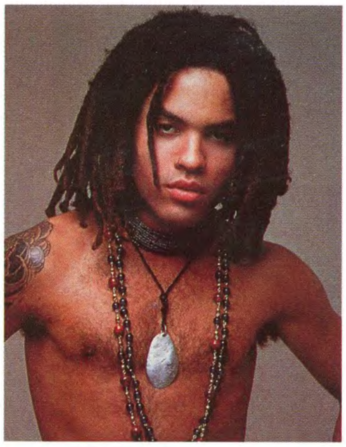
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead is playwright Tom Stoppard's manic comedy about what happens to Hamlet's pals, whom he sends to their deaths in Shakespeare's murderous masterpiece. Gary Oldman and Tim Roth star in this high-brow oddity: funny if you like this sort of thing.

Sleeping with the Enemy If you're as mad about Julia Roberts as the rest of the world seems to be, you won't be disappointed by this sexy thriller. Housewife Laura (Roberts) fakes her death, dumps her psychotic husband (Patrick Bergin) and starts a new life. But mad, bad Bergin is on her trail...

Misery A skilful interpretation of the best Stephen King novel to date. Mad Annie rescues her author idol from a near fatal car-crash: as he recovers, he realises she wants him to resurrect the heroine of his pulp novels... and there'll be hell to pay if he doesn't! Brilliantly nasty.

CDs

Lenny Kravitz The man who co-wrote Madonna's *Justify My Love* and is renowned for his sixties record collection and seventies wardrobe is in laid-back mood for his second album, *Mama Said*. The Hendrix-Lennon influences are still there but he's no simple rip-off, giving back much more than he takes.

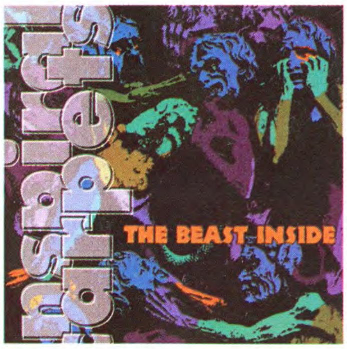


Make some noise is a cool compilation of off-beat ear-bashers for those who like to rave in the privacy of their own home. Only chart hits like Nomad's *Devotion* and *Move Your Body* by Xpansion bring this acid attack back from the far side of the dance scene.

Rāge
MAKE SOME NOISE VOL.1
FEATURING
XPANSIONS
OFF-SHORE
NOMAD
DREAM WARRIORS
MARK SUMMERS
PLUS LOADS MORE GROOVIN' DANCE TRACKS

Womack and Womack have called their new release *Family Spirit. No wonder* – they've already got zillions of kids and, if the cover's anything to go by, another on the way! It's a bit on the poppy side, but don't worry – they haven't sold out, only souled out.

Inspiral Carpets' *The Beast Inside* isn't the greatest album you'll ever hear but if you liked their single *Caravan* this might just have you whistling along to these whimsical ditties. Not good, but not that bad.

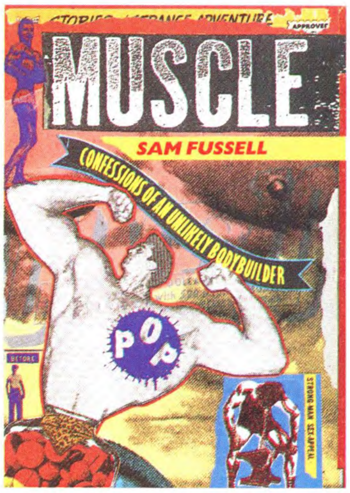


for many reasons
VIC REEVES
sings
BORN FREE
and
OH! MR. SONGWRITER...
(because life is worth living)

Vic Reeves Just a quick mention for the new CD single by that king of the catch phrase. Topping the bill is an inspiring rendition of *Born Free* that would have Elsa the lioness wishing she'd been born in a zoo. Unbeatable!

BOOKS

Muscle – Confessions of a Bodybuilder In four years Sam Fussell transformed himself from 6'4" wimp into a mountain of fake-tanned beefsteak – and by the end he was so weak he could barely walk. A fascinating, terrifying insight into the 'disease', as bodybuilding is known among its devotees.


STORIES OF STRANGE ADVENTURE
APPROVED
MUSCLE
SAM FUSSELL
CONFESSIONS OF AN UNLIKELY BODYBUILDER
POP
BEFORE
STRONG MAN SEX APPEAL

My Early Life by Graeme Hick. On April 1 Graeme Hick became eligible to play cricket for England, and our leading Test hope against the Windies. This inspiring story charts a cricketing legend in the making – his 405 not out is the highest individual total in a county game this century. Ⓜ

SURFIES ATE MY EGO

Our man on the edge, Max Anderson, has a mission: to discover new women, to seek out strange new drinks, to boldly make an idiot of himself where no man has ballsed up before. This month: look out Sydney...

From my first encounter with the legendary Australian surfer I learned three things. One, there is a large sewage pipe that stretches far out into the Pacific waters at Bondi Beach. Two, Aussie surfers need beginners in their ocean like they need water wings. And three, learning to surf requires patience, a thick skin and a suicidal tendancy.

"Excuse me," I said to the large Aussie strutting down to the water's edge, his sleek fibre-glass surfboard tucked under his arm, "is it good for surfing round here?"

My question was stupid as we were walking along Manly Beach on Sydney's north shore, a surfer's paradise, but I was prepared to sound like a jerk if I could start a conversation and get a few tips.

"Aw, yeah mate," he replied, "there's pretty good surfin' round here... but I'd say you'd be better off in Bondi."

"Oh really," I asked, eager for wave-related knowledge.

"Yeah mate," he smirked. "All the turds go out to sea there."

Undeterred, I watched as he mounted his board spectacularly; and laughed as he fell off even more spectacularly. I was still hell bent on mastering the art of skimming along the crystal breakers and becoming a Surfie.

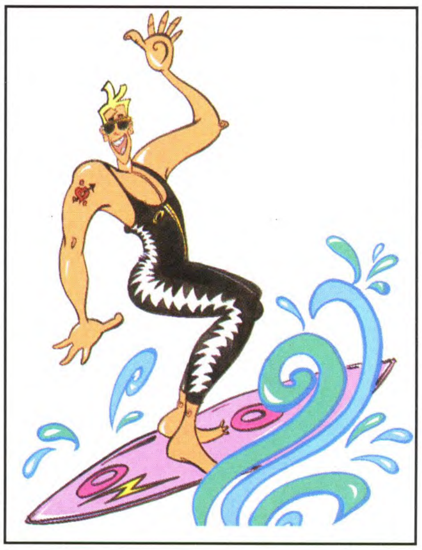
Credibility is everything to the genuine Surfie. He exudes a casual confidence with his waxy board under one arm and his silky girlfriend under the other. But right from the start I found myself at a disadvantage - I didn't measure up.

The surfing body is about six feet two in height, and twice as broad at the shoulder. It has a tan the colour of treacle, tousled blond hair and a dash of freckles across the bridge of the nose. The Surfie always wears a weathered wetsuit with a tastefully faded logo and strategic bulges sewn into the rubber. It is an imperious badge of identity. A pale, dark haired Englishman in a full length wetsuit which seems to bulge only around the midriff, is eyecatching in the nastiest way. Alas, the 'arrogant look' cannot be manufactured with a well-placed ball of socks; half an hour's surfing will have your fake manhood pushed down your leg until it looks like nothing more than a badly swollen joint.

Then of course, there is the surfboard. I was bewildered by the array of ivory projectiles slashed with luminous racy logos. It was like being in a psychedelic elephant's graveyard.

"I'd like a board, please," I told the giant, shorts-clad shopkeeper.

"What sort were you after?" he asked. I knew that a quality board cost around $600. Beyond that I was ignorant - and hard-up. I decided to be vague in the hope that he would suggest a suitable one at a decent price.



Illustrated by Alison Flintham

"Well," I started, "I'd like a flat one..."

"A flat one! Aw, right mate. And I suppose you want one that floats, too!"

It was all downhill from there. The board I settled on was short and fat with an orange sash running from tip to three-fin tail, and a liberal sprinkling of brown spongey collision marks. My coup de disgrace came when I leant forward to inspect my purchase and pointedly picked at the thick coating of grubby wax which covered the fibreglass.

"No mate, don't do that," sighed the shopkeeper. "The wax keeps you stuck to the board. Otherwise you'll be off like a plate of eels through a..." and he enlightened me with a sparkling round of intestinal metaphors which sent me scurrying from the shop with my board under my arm and four packets of wax stuffed in my pockets.

There is a leg rope tied to the board; you attach the other end of it around yourself with a velcro strap. I tried strapping mine around my wrist, but it didn't feel right.

"It goes round yer neck, mate," a passing Surfie advised me.

And so to the lapping water's edge. The first challenge, which I faced as I waded into the ocean, was not to let out an involuntary shriek when the chill water seeped through to my balls. Paddling through the calm shallows to the point where the waves were breaking was a task in itself. It's a question of balance. Real surfers can jog on the spot in a hammock; I took a flying leap onto what I thought would be a fairly solid object and embraced the board, only to find myself locked into a torrid spin. Surfers all around me stuck their noses in the air and glided away from the thrashing spectacle reminiscent of Johnny Weismuller wrestling a mighty crocodile.

Boards are quite unkind things, since they make a terrible spectacle of themselves when they are separated from their owner. You can see someone fall off from a mile away, because as the surfer plunges into the depths, his board will shoot high in the air like a hooked marlin, spinning and flashing its colours for all the world to see. The leg rope, of course, is there to reunite the bludgeoning board with its impressionable rider.

I mastered a prostrate doggy paddle and set off towards the waves. Succesfully ducking under a descending wall of water, I resurfaced behind the roller wearing a wide smile of satisfaction, only to have it filled with four gallons of salt water belonging to a second, much bigger wave which I had no way of anticipating. Wham! I was suddenly aware why waves are called breakers.

Thankfully I found the lull zone, and sat astride my board, bobbing gently in the calm. There a passing Surfie instructed me in some of the perils of surfing: sharks, a particularly nasty species of jellyfish called bluebottles which have a whiplash sting, and large reefs of jagged rock.

I never saw a shark, but one Manly Surfie felt something knock against his board, and saw a long grey shadow pass beneath him. The inevitable fin appeared above the water line; the guy rolled off his board and put it between him and his attacker. The newspapers carried a picture of the board, complete with teeth marks, but the Surfie was back in the water the next day. This strengthened my conviction that the biggest danger to surfers is themselves. 'Surf or die' is the surfing motto. Surf *and* die seems more accurate.

I thought I'd found myself a quiet spot to practice alone, but surfers are necessarily a fluid lot, and will go wherever the waves are biggest. Suddenly there was a commotion. The perfect wave was forming itself on the horizon, a dark grey bump rumbling towards me, and I found myself surrounded by some 30 surfers, all angled to catch the bank of water.

I felt the surge as the wave picked up my board. I found myself a good squatting position atop the slope of blue, and began the descent. I had caught the wave and I was away. Unfortunately, so was everyone else.

My final mistake — I was riding to the right. Why was everyone else riding to the left? The first guy saw me coming and fell from his board to avoid the collision, but not before wishing me a speedy demise. Wearing a look of abject terror I ploughed past two others who went down screaming abuse. A mixture of excitement and cold fear coursing through me, I raced onwards.

The exhiliration was incredible. I could feel something so massive and vibrant beneath me, yet there was no friction. I was skidding on hydrogen and oxygen molecules.

The wave, spent of power, pushed me gently into the shallows. Shaking and pumped full of adrenaline, I hopped off my board, dragged it onto the sand and lay beside it.

Three guys in the distance were pointing at me. They were heading my way, wet and angry.

Not far to my right, a cute blonde girl was smiling at me. She raised her hand in a friendly gesture of hello.

"Ha!" I thought. "The perfect wave."

MUD, SWEAT AND TEARS

It's the trip of a lifetime – if you've got the guts to survive it. Conrad James meets the men who take the toughest test with the Camel Trophy

If your idea of hell is being cooped up in a stuffy Sierra during a Bank holiday traffic jam, you might think the drivers in the 12th Camel Trophy endurance competition are slightly insane.

Half a million mad men applied to spend their summer holidays this year cramped inside four-wheel drive vehicles for 18 days of competitive driving. The Trophy will take them through 1600 kilometres of jungle, mountains and 30 species of poisonous spider. And as if that wasn't enough, the race, which started on May 9th, coincides neatly with the end of the rainy season: mud and racing torrents create frighteningly tough conditions for the convoy as it makes its way through remote areas of East Africa.

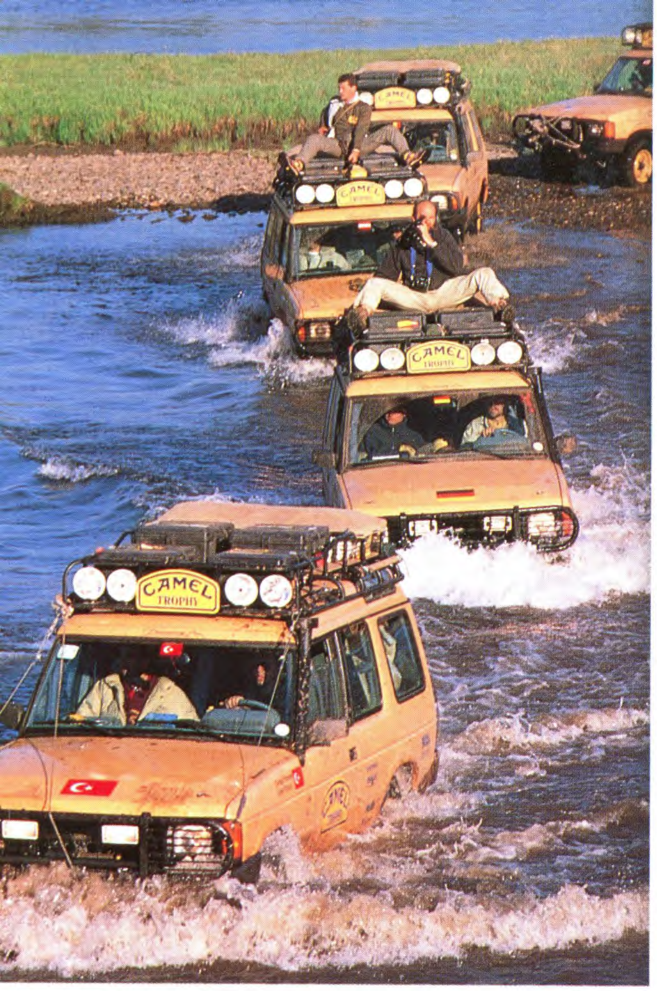
The route from Dar es Salaam in Tanzania to the finishing line on the shores of Lake Tanganyika in Burundi has been carefully chosen to test the competitors' endurance, ingenuity and (let's face it) balls. The vehicles are crucial too: all the 17 teams will drive the new 5-door Land Rover Discovery TDi, followed closely by 12 Land Rover Defender 110 support vehicles.

Over the last 11 years those mad enough to swap their swimming costumes for sweaty safari suits

CAMEL TROPHY
LAND ROVER
CAMEL TROPHY
LAND ROVER

CAMEL TROPHY

CAMEL TROPHY
Discovery Ninja
CAMEL TROPHY
LAND ROVER



have attempted to drive their 4x4s across the most inhospitable terrain that the planet has to offer, through countries as diverse as Borneo and Brazil. This year the competition returns to Africa, where Britain's best placing has been eighth, three years ago. Our highest placing, though, came last year in the extreme conditions of blizzard-swept Siberia, where Andrew Dacey and Richard Tomlinson finished a very respectable third.

The unrelenting punishment of the harsh terrain always affects the drivers more than the vehicles, especially on the ultra-difficult Special Tasks where even the slightest human error can send the drivers miles off course – or hurtling over a precipice. It was these severe sections, dotted throughout the trek, that almost signalled the end of the Trophy for the British team in last year's Siberian event. Andrew Dacey explains:

"During one of the Special Task sections we nearly made a catastrophic mistake by turning over two pages of the road map at once. Thankfully Richard noticed my blunder just in time and we hit each control very much on time. We worked excellently as a team - even if I did drive us off the road into a tree once!

"In a later stage we picked our own route through a river but then we were given alternative instructions. Unfortunately, these directed us towards the deepest part and we ended up ruining thousands of pounds worth of film-camera gear. The water nearly reached the top of the raised air-intake but amazingly the engine was unharmed."

The agile Land Rover Discoveries, launched in 1989, performed brilliantly under the stresses and strains of the Siberian adventure. But even the most careful drivers can't avoid the hidden ruts and mounds that will quickly destroy the four wheel transmission. Not even state-of-the-art steering technology and an on-board Terratrip (an electronic distance recorder) could save the unlucky Yugoslavian team who were leading the event before one Task.

"This is, I suppose, the nature of the Camel Trophy. One minute you're at the top, the next you're booted down to the bottom," said team leader Ognen Sokolovic. "We had two punctures on Special Task 'L' and only one spare tyre. We drove the last 3km very fast on three tyres. It was hard work and all for nothing. We are all very disappointed now."

Some of the stages involved more than driving for the exhausted competitors. One Siberian Task took in a one and a half hour mixture of running, then canoeing on Lake Baikal. The route kicked off with a 1.5km run across very rough terrain to the shore. There, each team had to blow up their two-man canoes and paddle towards an island 2km in the distance, before canoeing back over choppy waves to the finish, a further 2.5km away.

In some stages the Land Rovers themselves have to tackle fast-flowing water; in others they are left with their hefty Michelin XCL radials hanging in mid-air as the vehicles are winched up high cliffs and out of valleys. Some of these exercises can take over ten hours, testing the equipment to the maximum.

During the 1990 competition the British team lost many hours of sleep trying to contend with mechanical problems. Richard Tomlinson takes up the story:

"They say trouble always comes in threes! First we sank in a river, broke our winch and cable. Next we found ourselves in the worst mud at the end of the convoy during one of the most difficult sections. Then our starter motor broke and we couldn't even get going to try and catch up!"

And when it's not the machinery that's getting a battering from the hostile conditions, it's the drivers themselves. Heat, humidity and exhaustion combine to considerably weaken a team's resolve and even the most placid people lose their tempers.

This year's East African competition will throw up the added challenge of venomous snakes, spiders and a wild animal or two. Even in Siberia, though, the drivers came up against the local wildlife:

"I hope my girlfriend loves me as much as the Siberian ticks do," said Canary Islands team-member Carlos Luengo Barreto. "I got two tick bites today. The doctor gave me five jabs and told me it will be okay. But then he doesn't have to spend a day on his backside driving along bumpy roads!"

Representing Britain this year will be Andrew Street, 26, a salesman from Worcestershire, and Tim Dray, 30, an agricultural engineer from South Humberside. They were selected after undertaking tasks designed to push the competitors to the limit: scaling upright poles, swinging precariously from suspended tyres, and traversing an aerial walkway showed that the winners could survive whatever the unpredictable event could throw at them. And possibly even give them a second career in the circus...

First Aid training came in handy even before the team had left for Africa when they managed to run down their Land Rover instructor, breaking his leg!

Whatever happens between May 9th and 26th in East Africa, you can be sure that somebody will cross the finishing line and lift the prestigious Camel Trophy – and that's more than can be said for the man stuck in his Sierra. Ⓜ

Land Rover Discovery Specifications

200 TDi ENGINE

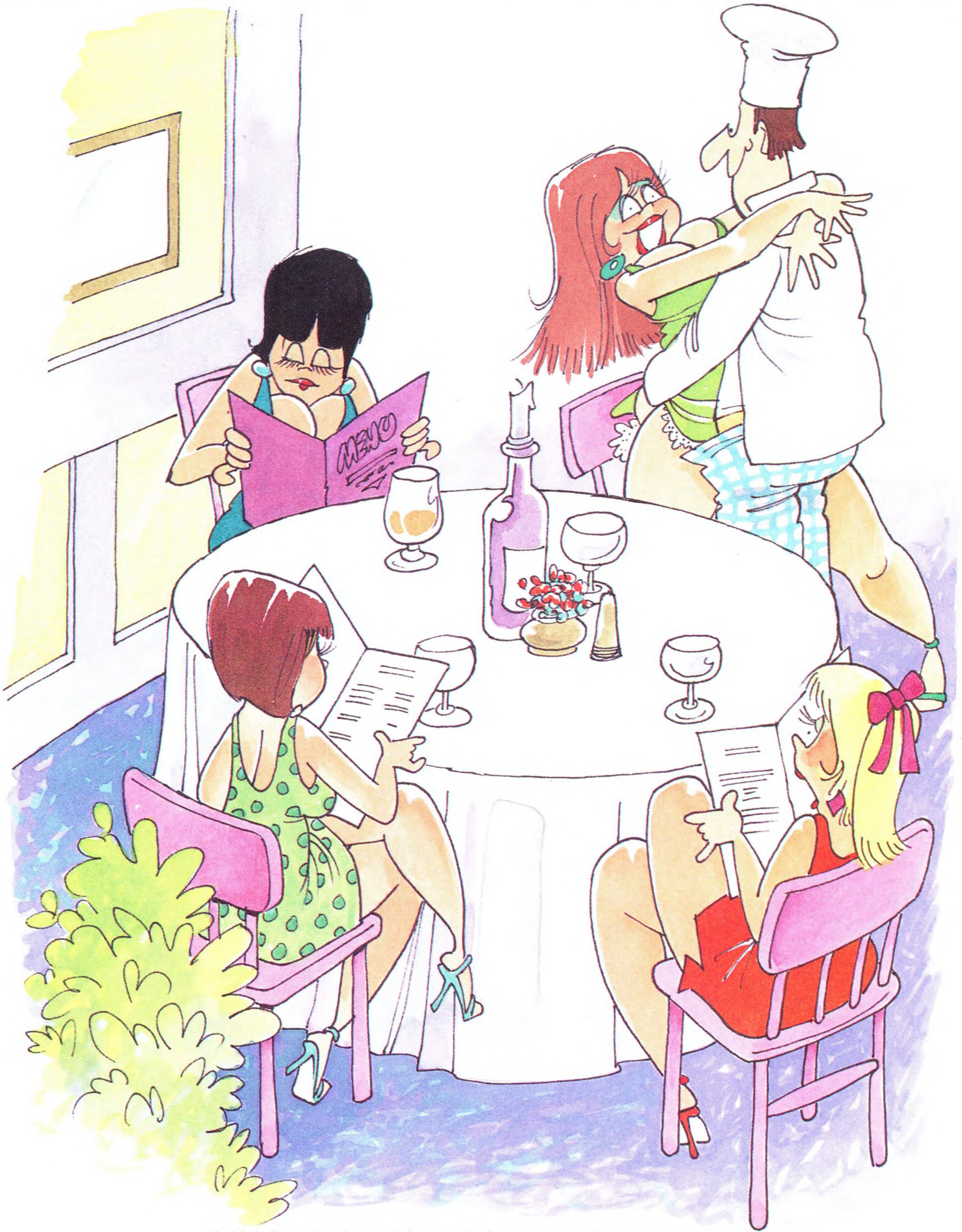
Top speed:	**91mph**
Diesel consumption at 56mph:	**42.3mpg**
Cubic capacity:	**2495cc**
Bore:	**90.47mm**
Max power:	**83kw**
Max torque:	**265Nm**

TRANSMISSION

Type:	**Four wheel drive**
Gearbox:	**10 forward + 2 reverse**

VEHICLE DIMENSIONS

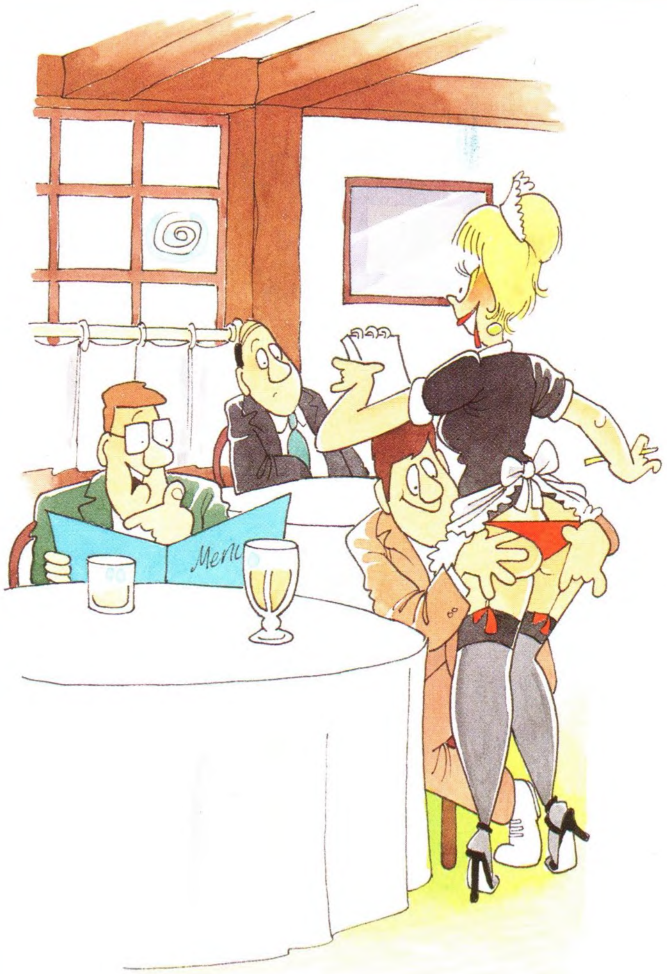
Overall Length:	**4751 mm**
Overall Width:	**1793 mm**
Height:	**2219 mm**



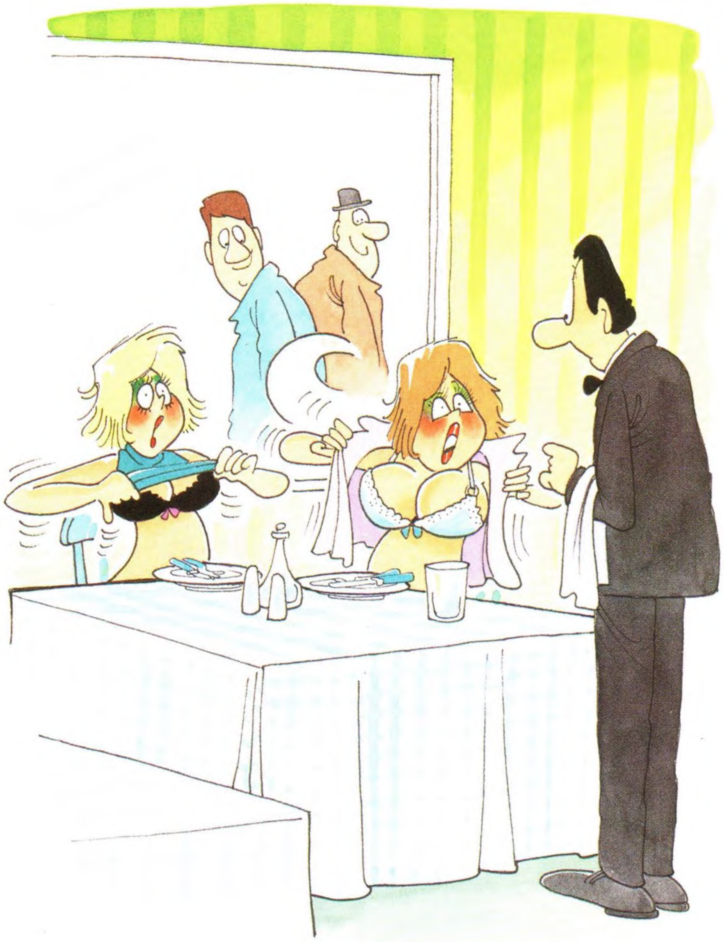
'I think Emma's plumped for the chef's special... What about the rest of you?'

In restaurants, it's worth playing the waiting game, claims our cartoonist Anthony, because the cutlery isn't the only thing to get laid on the tables...

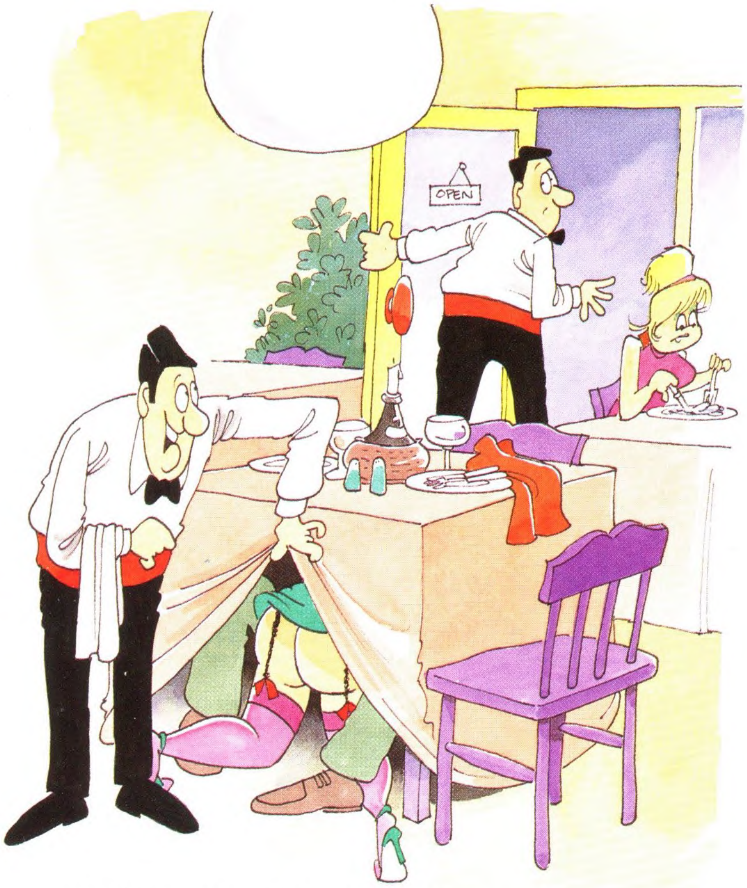
Service Included!



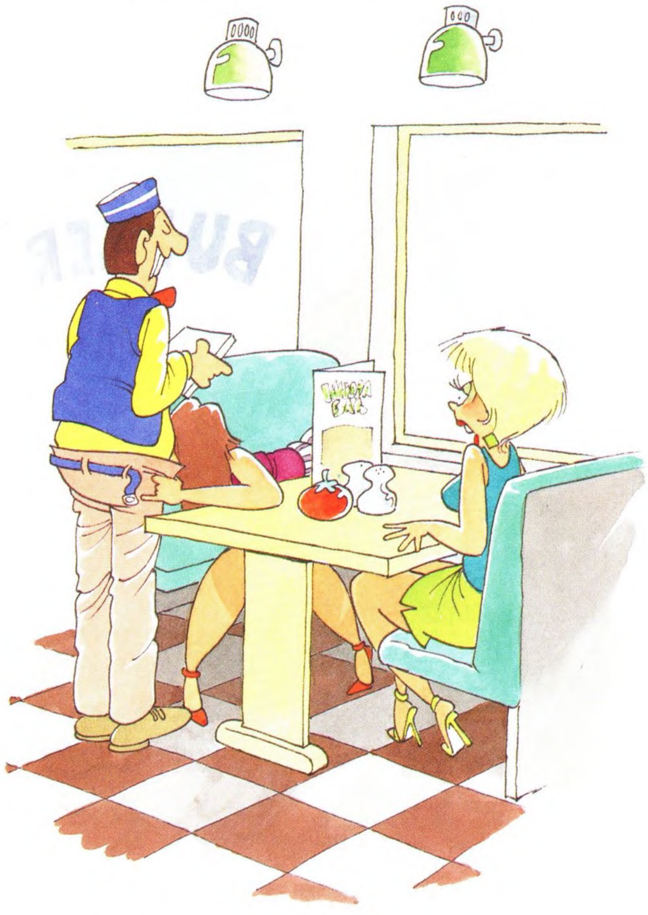
'So you're having the rump are you, Peter?'



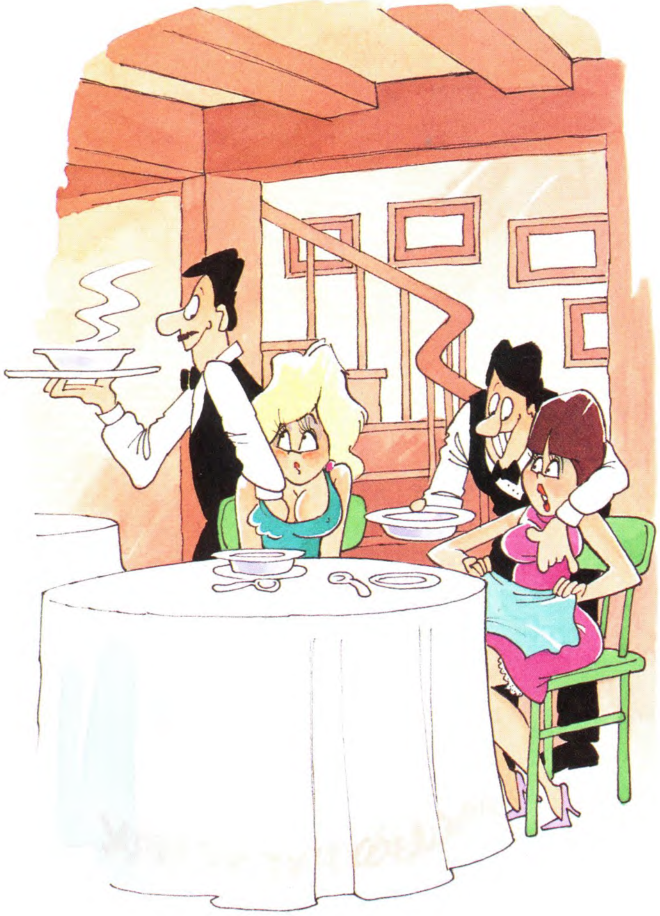
'Phew! That curry was certainly hot'



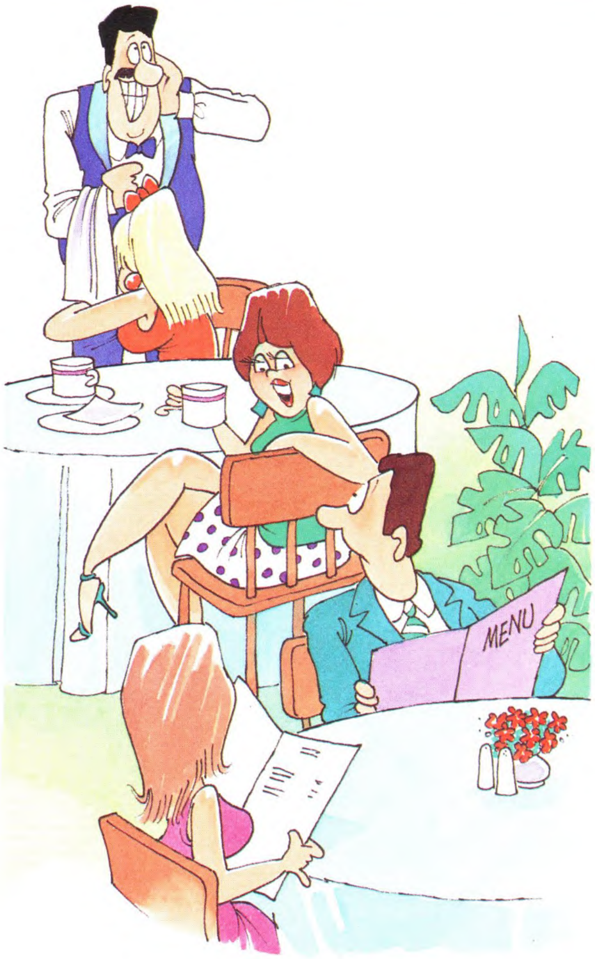
'It's okay, don't panic... They haven't done a runner'



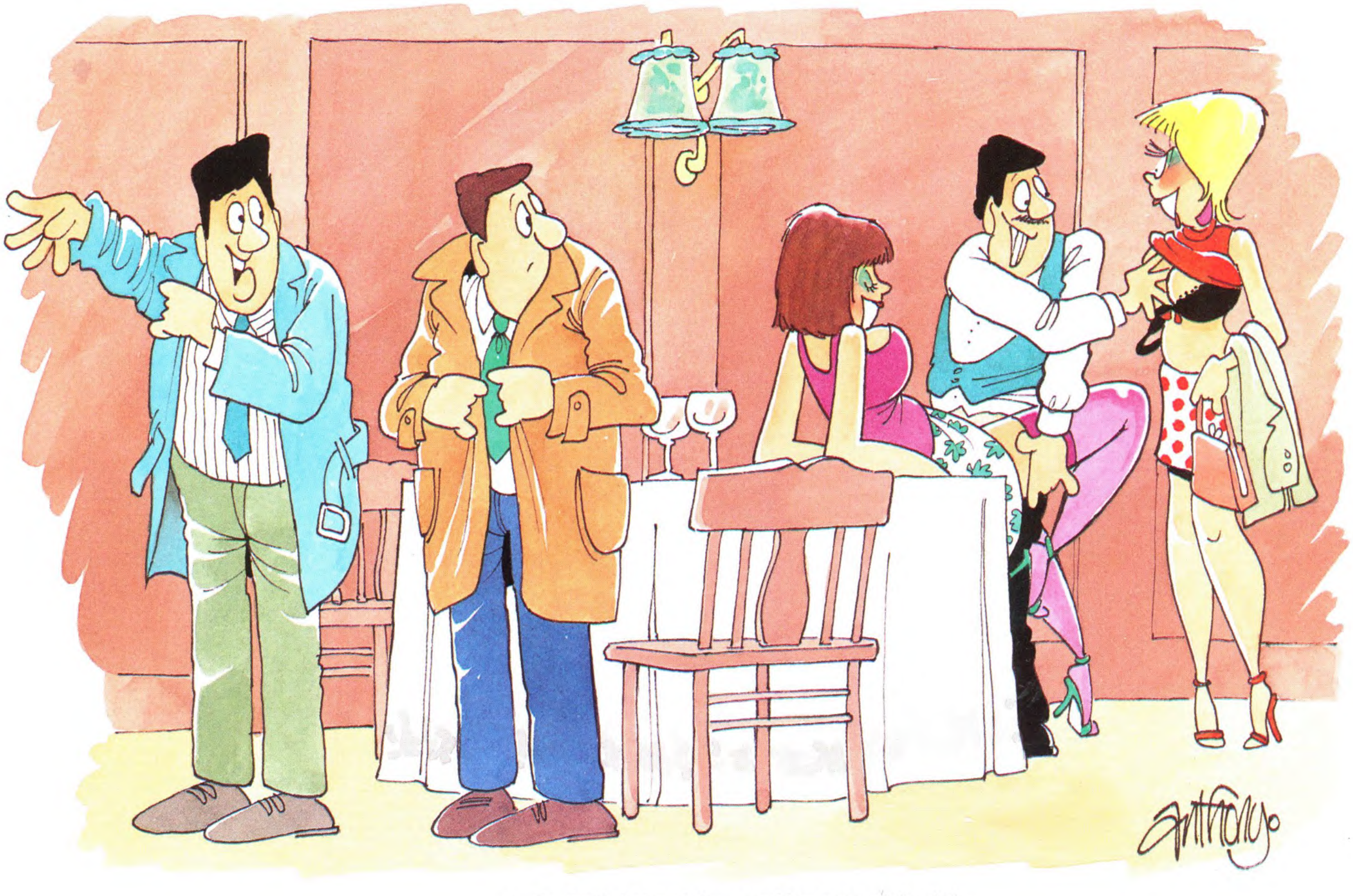
'You'll spoil your appetite, Jennifer'



'They're definitely overdoing the friendly service *bit'*



'You're not in a hurry to order, are you?'



'...Er, I think the girls are taking care of the tip'

This month we examine in intimate detail the sex lives of three very different people who share a very common desire — they love sex with partners much younger or older than themselves. Quest studies the background to these desires, and discovers the difference a few years can make to a sexual relationship

Quest

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 21
Town of origin.... Sutton
Other details.... This dental assistant, a very attractive blonde, has a great deal of sexual experience, most of which has been with men at least twice her age.

Quest: Are you single at the moment, or attached?
Dental Assistant: To be honest, I've got two men on the go at the moment, which isn't very unusual for me. But I do live with one of them, so it's a little hard to keep my other man a secret.
Quest: How did this situation come about?

Dental Assistant: I've already said that I've got a real thing for older men. That's why I'm here, I suppose! The first I've been with for a number of years: I met him because he's a business associate of my father's. My parents really disapproved of me going out with him at first — in fact, my father was livid! We met when I was only 16, and we've been together for four years now, as we actually took about a year to get together. Nigel is 43, and has been divorced for ten years.
Quest: What about your second lover?
Dental Assistant: How did I meet him, do you mean?
Quest: Yes, let's start with that.
Dental Assistant: This is going to sound really silly, but I met him at a bus stop! It was raining one lunch time and I was on my way to the shops in my break. Peter was standing there at the stop too, and I thought he looked very distinguished in his suit with his dark hair all wet from the rain, with the silvery sides really gleaming. I could barely take my eyes off him! And he knew it.
Quest: So what did you do about it? Did you deliberately go out of your way to attract him?
Dental Assistant: I kept glancing at him, standing very straight so that my boobs stood out as far as they could go. It was summer so I was only wearing a light jacket with a thin, quite sheer blouse underneath, and I knew he could see every curve of my body — and he was *definitely* looking. The rain was making my clothes cling to me and I knew that Peter had noticed. He could hardly not have done! What seemed to fascinate him the most was the way my sheer stockings clung to my wet ankles above my high heeled shoes; he always

loves me in high heels.

Quest: So when the bus came along...

Dental Assistant: He made sure he got on it with me. And do you want to know what happened then? He came and sat next to me on the bus and approached me directly. "I'm in town on business," he told me, "and I don't think I could last out the rest of the day if I don't make love to you very soon."

Quest: What was your reaction? Were you shocked?

Dental Assistant: Yes, I was, very — and that was part of what made the whole situation so exciting! Here was this cultured, intelligent, charming man, and he wanted me, no-one else, just me. The bus journey should have taken me five minutes, but as you can guess I didn't end up going to the shops. I went back to Peter's hotel and we spent the whole afternoon in bed having the most marvellous sex session I've ever experienced. Shall I go into details?

He looked me over slowly, then began to strip me, garment by garment.

Quest: Please do.

Dental Assistant: Well, it wasn't as if I was sexually inexperienced or anything by this time. I have a very full sex life with Nigel and, with Nigel's knowledge, I've had a lot of affairs in the past four years, mostly with men much older and more experienced sexually than myself. So by the time I met Peter I really knew what I wanted in bed, and how to get it. If I want to come six times I make sure I do! But I knew Peter would be my best lover ever that first afternoon. He took so much time over everything, though we managed to have sex about five times.

As soon as we got into his room at the hotel he just stood me in front of him and looked me over from head to foot, really savouring the moment. I was trembling with lust; I knew what he was going to do, strip me slowly, garment by garment, and I knew that when he got down to my panties he'd be able to smell my love juices, because I was soaking wet.

He slowly peeled my wet clothes off me then, dragging his fingertips along behind as the clothes came off, so that I was tingling all over, totally engrossed in the fact that he was going to put his penis up me any minute and oblivious to anything else. When he had me down to just my panties and stockings — those hold-up ones with the lace trim around the thigh — he opened his trousers and pulled out his cock. It was such a turn-on, seeing him standing there with his business suit on and his big, straining cock sticking out. Then he lifted me up so that my elbows were on his shoulders, pulled my legs around his waist and lowered me on to him.

Quest: What did that feel like?

Dental Assistant: Incredible. From that angle he filled the whole length of my pussy in seconds. He lifted me up and down so that he was thrusting his cock in and out of me hard. Then he asked me to describe everything I was feeling, and I was saying things like: "It feels huge and thick and hard — thrusting right up me!" as he made us go faster and faster. I knew he was totally at my mercy then. He *had* to have me, because he couldn't control himself. I came several times as he made me ride his cock, and when he came into me, it felt boiling hot, as if he'd boiled over totally inside me. That made me feel incredibly powerful.

Quest: So it's the power that you feel over older men because they *have* to have you, that you really relish?

Dental Assistant: Definitely. I don't know why, but I've always felt rather unsure of younger men, but with older men I've always been totally confident of my powers of attraction. With Nigel, for example, there's never any doubt that I'll be able to keep him satisfied.

Quest: Have you ever thought of leaving Nigel, with whom you live, for Peter?

Dental Assistant: No, that's never occurred to me at all. For one thing, Peter's married, but for another my sex life with Nigel is great, very rampant, and he doesn't mind my other lovers, even Peter. They even look incredibly alike — I suppose that's me being pulled towards the same type time after time. Almost all my lovers are physically identical. And Nigel loves me to tell him about what Peter and I do in bed. He gets such a hard-on as I describe how Peter loves to take me from behind, with me crouching on the bed and my bum right in the air. He copies the movements stroke by stroke, asking me: "Is this how he does it, darling? Does he run the tip of his cock around your love hole before he puts it right into you? Does he like shooting all over your lovely bum?" It really turns me on when he talks like that.

Quest: So your best sex sessions with Nigel are after you've recently had sex with Peter?

Dental Assistant: Yes — in fact, Nigel has been known to come discreetly to fetch me from whatever hotel Peter's been staying at (I only see him when he's down on business), rush me home in the car and then screw me almost frenziedly, he's so excited at the thought that Peter has made love to me only a few minutes before. Once he got me to suck him while he was driving me home after one of those sessions, he got so worked up! I had to finger myself off in the passenger seat, I was so excited. And *I* was so excited because I'd got *him* so excited.

Quest: Do you think your two current older men will ever meet?

Dental Assistant: I think it'd be a very bad idea for me. The fact that they've never met but they both know me so intimately is part of the attraction of the whole situation.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 41
Town of origin.... London
Other details.... This wealthy divorcee has, since she split from her husband eight years ago, had a series of toyboy lovers around half her age. She now has a serious lover who is 25

Quest: When we contacted you, you made no secret of the many toyboys that you've had.

Divorcee: I don't see why I should be ashamed of it. I know some women of my own age who've been married for years and their husbands are too engrossed in their work to take any notice of them, so they sit at home twiddling their thumbs — or should I say, diddling their pussies! Most of them are aching for some good sex. I was the same —but the

difference is, I went out and found it! Though it wasn't until about five years ago that I really discovered younger men, or should I say, they discovered me.

Quest: What happened?

Divorcee: I went on holiday with a girlfriend of mine, one of those last minute holidays where you don't know where you're going until you're there! We ended up in Corfu, where we were the oldest people there — by years! At first I was a bit worried at the way all these young lads kept ogling my body, but after a couple of days I got used to it, and started really enjoying it. I really flaunted myself, showing off my deep tan against my white swimsuit. I was thankful I'd looked after my body.

Quest: Did you have sex with anyone on that holiday?

Divorcee: No, but it made me aware that although I was in my mid thirties, I was still able to attract men. And it also brought home to me the fact that I was really desperate for sex. I'd had no lovers since my husband, and to be honest, I couldn't have lasted out much longer. I met my first toyboy lover soon afterwards.

My nipples poked through the thin negligee, and I trembled with excitement.

Quest: How did that happen?

Divorcee: He came to do some electrical work at my house. He looked at me in that cocky way that young men who know they're attractive have, eyeing up my boobs and the way my skirt was clinging to my legs and bum. I knew I had to have him. While his boss was on his lunch break I got him to come upstairs by calling to him from the bedroom window. He came running up to my room to find me standing there wearing just a negligee, which didn't hide much at all, and certainly not the fact that I was completely naked underneath.

He couldn't take his eyes off my boobs. I reached up and started massaging them, pulling at my nipples through the black material so that he could see how aroused I was. He was rooted to the spot. I was trembling, I was so excited, and then I reached down and put my hand right over my pubes, separating my lips with my fingers so that he could see how wet I was.

Quest: We've discovered that a lot of mature women like to talk as they're making love. Do you?

Divorcee: Oh definitely. I stood there slowly stroking myself up and down, so slowly that he could hear the noises of my love juices and my uneven breathing. "Have you ever seen a woman playing with herself?" I asked him. "I bet you haven't. It's turned you on , hasn't it? I bet you can't wait to get your cock up my pussy. But first of all, you'll have to go down on me to make it worth my while." He was there in seconds on his knees, poking his tongue at my pussy and licking me as if he'd been lost in the desert and I was an oasis! My legs were shaking so much I could barely stand by the time I came.

Quest: And did you let him have sex with you?

Divorcee: That was never in any doubt, and a very good screw it was too. After Sean (whom I never saw again after that afternoon), I was more fired up than ever. I don't work, so I had all this time on my hands and all I could think about was sex!

Quest: So you went out and found yourself another toyboy?

Divorcee: My friend Maggie and I found him together! We used to spend hours talking to each other about which way we'd like to screw a younger lover — with the man on top, or us on top, or in the car, or doggy style. We thought of everything. I really got through the vibrator batteries! We decided something had to be done, so we dressed up one night and went down to our local wine bar to see if we could find a man, or men. Norm was working behind the bar, and by the way he smiled at us both, we knew that we'd made the right choice.

Quest: What happened with Norm?

Divorcee: We lured him back to my place and then seduced him — together, something I'd never really considered before then. I certainly don't think Norm had ever considered it either. On one side there was Maggie, all blonde hair and legs, and on the other side me with my big boobs and dark bush. We both licked him all over after we'd watched him undress, and then I played with his cock while Maggie stroked his nipples and shoulders. I teased his balls with my nails until I felt them contract and I knew he was going to come. Then I took him out of my mouth so that he sprayed all over my face and hair. He loved that.

Quest: And Norm satisfied both you and Maggie that night?

Divorcee: He certainly did — I've never had such a big cock inside me. It was really thick, and after so many comparatively celibate years it was fantastic to feel really filled up by Norm, all hot and thrusting inside me. I swear that I felt every drop of that sperm when he shot it inside me. Maggie wasn't disappointed either!

Quest: Is there any one thing that always draws you to toyboys, when you could easily attract a man of your own age and experience?

Divorcee: Younger lovers are so much keener to satisfy and experiment with a woman. Norm never worried about trying anything he'd never done before. He liked threesomes and making love out in the open air, and best of all — he had a five minute recovery period!

Quest: You have a regular lover now. Is he jealous of your past toyboys, as he is one himself?

Divorcee: Oh yes, but he's wise enough never to say so.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Male
Age.... 29
Town of origin.... Penzance
Other details.... This good-looking aeronautic engineer has a wife aged 23 and a baby son. Despite being happily married, he still cannot stop himself from having affairs with much older women.

Quest: You've been attracted to older women since your teens, haven't you?

Engineer: Yes. I think it stems from my upbringing. My father left when I was too young really to remember him, and from then on I was brought up in a house full of older women — my mother, grandmother and a couple of maiden aunts. So I've always felt most at ease with women a generation older than myself.

Quest: Have you ever felt guilty about your sexual desires in this way?

Engineer: No, not at all. I've never had a problem with it at all. It's other people — my friends and colleagues — who have always thought there was something strange, even perverse, about it. It always seemed so natural to me that I've almost never thought about it.

Quest: Why don't you tell us about the first time you realised the attraction that older women hold for you?

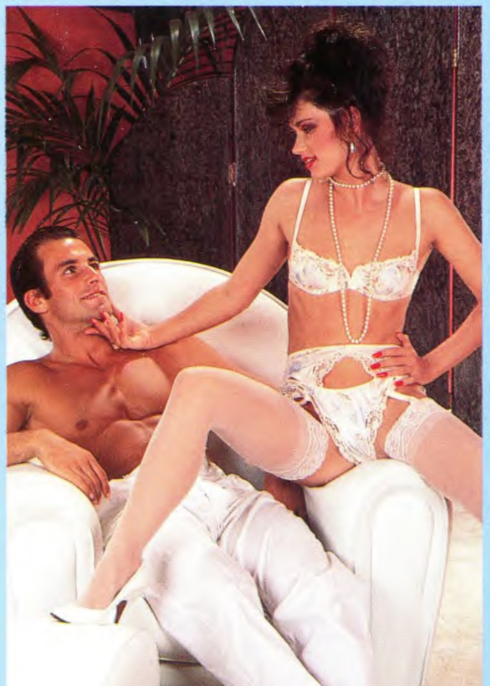
Engineer: The first time the idea actually surfaced in my mind, I suppose I was about 18. Obviously I was masturbating at that point, as all blokes of my age do, because I had very little contact with girls of my own age. I attended at a boys' school all day and went home to a house full of matrons every night. Then gradually I started taking notice of one of my mother's friends, a woman who seemed quite old to me then but must only have been about 38. To me she was gorgeous. She had kept herself very well in trim and had a lovely, curvy figure with quite small boobs, a tiny waist and lovely wide hips and bum. She was really something to get hold of, you know.

Quest: Did she notice that you'd suddenly become sexually attracted to her?

Engineer: I think she noticed, but didn't really think anything of it. I was just her friend's teenage son, after all. But that summer when I left school I went off fruit picking on a farm for three months before going to college, and I came back having gained three inches in height and a suntan. The first time Moira came round to the house after I got back, her eyes nearly popped out of her head, she was so shocked at the change in me.

Quest: So did she attempt to seduce you then and there?

Engineer: No fear — my mother was there!



Quest

But I could see the way she looked at me in my tight denim cut-offs. I'd never really thought of how tightly they moulded around my cock. Before my mother could interrupt us she came towards me (I was mowing the lawn) and said in this really sexy, husky voice: "I hope you're wearing strong underpants under there. Otherwise you might tempt an old woman." She looked anything but old though, in this tight white sundress with her nails painted bright red to match her high heeled shoes. I thought my helmet was going to poke right out of the waistband of my shorts, I got such a stiffy. And she knew exactly what she was doing to me.

Quest: What happened then?

Her tongue was deep in my mouth, as her hands moved down to my fly.

Engineer: Nothing that day, but Moira came round again when she knew everyone would be out at church. This time I was wearing some clothes, but as soon as she got through the door she grabbed me and was kissed me really passionately. Her tongue was deep inside my mouth and then she started rubbing my chest through my T-shirt. My nipples were getting really stiff and tingling, I was so turned on. Moira knew just what she was doing to me and I knew that what she was enjoying was the fact that I was completely in her power. Then her hands moved lower, down to the front of my trousers, and she could feel the hard ridge of my cock straining against her fingers. I just stood there, not knowing how to make the next move — I'd have shot my load in my pants if she hadn't shoved me up the stairs and into my room.

Quest: So she made love to you in your old bedroom?

Engineer: To say *she* made love to *me* is right! As soon as she got me through the door she pushed me back on the bed and straddled me so that I could barely move. Not that I wanted to! Then she just lifted up her skirt, pulled the gusset of her panties aside and pushed her cunt right down on to my face. I got the shock of my life, because until then I really had no idea that women got so wet! I hardly knew what to do, so instinctively I just started licking, and by the way Moira was moaning I knew I'd got it right. She came really quickly but showed no signs of moving. My cock was about bursting, so I managed to free it while I was still licking her pussy — though before I could even stroke myself I'd come all over the back of her panties.

Quest: Did Moira teach you a great deal during the course of your affair?

Engineer: Oh yes, I've every reason to be grateful to her, because she taught me how to hold back from coming until my partner was fully satisfied, how to make love in every position I could dream up (and a few I couldn't), and how to find every erogenous zone a woman could possibly have. But our affair ended on a bit of a sour note, because Moira began to get very possessive. This surprised me as mostly I've found that mature women want to stay free, and have sex without the commitments that younger women often demand.

Quest: You have an older lover at the moment, don't you?

Engineer: Yes, I do, though my wife has no idea about it. That's why I don't want my name revealed here. My lover works in our local pharmacist's. I noticed her the first time I went in there, she's so attractive with lovely long red hair. I made sure she knew that I found her attractive, then just as I was wondering how I could take things a stage further I bumped into her in the local cafe. One thing led to another and we've been lovers for three months now.

Quest: And is June physically the type of woman that attracts you?

Engineer: Oh yes, I love very curvy women, the way it was fashionable to be shaped in the fifties. June is like that, big hips, but very long legs with beautiful ankles. I love women in sheer stockings and court shoes, like fifties film stars used to wear. The first time I had sex with June she kept on her suspender belt, stockings and shoes. When I thrust into her and started pumping, she moved her legs right up around my waist and locked them together as she started thrusting back at me with her pussy mound. I could feel the heel points digging into my buttocks — almost like spurs, as if she was riding me. It felt absolutely wonderful.

Quest: Is there anything that older women are keener on than the younger partners you've had?

Engineer: I can think of one thing — swallowing my come. Without exception, all the older women I've been with have not only been very experienced cock-suckers, but they love it as well. I can hardly keep June's lips off my cock when we're together! She loves for me to watch while she fellates me, sucking and licking slowly at first, teasing my helmet with the tip of her tongue until I begin to swell, then getting faster as my cock gets harder, then her cheeks filling with my come when I can't hold back.

Quest: Would you ever leave your wife for an older woman?

Engineer: No — besides, I doubt any of them would have me on a permanent basis!

Quest: Thank you.

SCOOP

It would be the biggest scandal since Profumo. Vic Harris, chief muckraker at the *Clarion*, knew it. But it all depended on the beautiful girl in the shabby south London terrace... by Howard Lake

In all his years of digging dirt for the *Sunday Clarion*, Vic Harris had always believed that you made your own luck, but as he sat rigid in his chair, watching the flickering video screen, his opinion changed. Sometimes, luck could creep right up behind you and club you over the head with a bloody big stick.

There it was onscreen, in technicolour yet! Of course, at first sight it just looked like a poorly-made home porno flick, but what interested Vic was that the man on the bed, currently receiving a fine bit of head from the pneumatic blonde in the fishnets and high heels, was none other than Sir Julian Vernon, one of the nation's most esteemed and respected politicians.

It was too good to be true: for years, Vernon had been the bastion of morality, constant opponent of the 'tides of filth' and pornography that corrupted decent values. Vic had seen some sights in his time, but this one really took the biscuit.

Sir Julian heaved and squirmed as he reached his climax and the tape ended. Cigarette smoke curled in the murky light of the seedy Kings Cross cellar as Riegler, the even seedier pimp who'd brought Harris here, stopped the VCR and ejected the tape.

"What's it worth then?" he asked, his solitary gold tooth glinting in the half-light.

"Five hundred," he told the slime.

"Is that all?" Riegler sensed a killing. His street smart instinct informed him that Vic could go higher.

"A grand?" suggested Harris. That was more like it. Riegler's eyes gleamed, but Vic knew he was trying to hold out on him.

"Fifteen hundred if you tell me where I can find the girl."

Riegler nodded and Harris felt a cool glow of satisfaction. If need be, he'd have taken it up to three thousand. Riegler's girls had obviously had a bad week. He produced his chequebook. "Who is she?" he demanded, his pen at the ready.

"Her name's Josie. Josie Hammond."

"Where can I find her?"

Riegler spilled the beans while Vic noted it all down with meticulous care. After he was certain everything was in order, he wrote out the cheque.

"The tape?"

"It's yours." Riegler handed it to him. " I've got no use for it, have I?"

With the tape securely in his pocket, Vic ducked out of the joint and into Kings Cross Underground. It would be at least a week before Riegler discovered that the cheque was worthless; the account shut down years before. But by then the story would be splashed across the front page of the *Clarion* and there'd be nothing he could do about it. At times like these, Vic really enjoyed his job.

* * *

The address turned out to be a shabby terrace in South London and, as Vic waited patiently in his car outside, he reflected on the kind of furore that would erupt when this particular shit hit the fan. It would be a juicy one: speeches in the house, TV cameras at the front door, the business.

He'd shown the editor the tape and had got permission to proceed. The camera boys were in another car just down the street. This was the kill, the moment he loved the best, and he'd wait as long as it took. Josie Hammond was in there; he knew for certain as he'd earlier rung her number, posing as a client. A pity she couldn't fit him in today, but there you were. He'd pay her a visit nonetheless. As for the minor details, like who she knew and

Illustrated by Nick Sanders

the other punters involved, Davies, the junior, was on the case, trawling the long lists of vice contacts for a possible link. Everything was in hand.

His carphone bleeped once and he snatched it up. It was the photographer, Cummings. "Geezer coming out," Cummings told him. "Looks like a john."

Vic looked up and saw him, a smartly dressed gent in a pinstripe suit. He knew Cummings would be snapping him, so he didn't have to worry about who it was. They could check him out later. All that mattered was that the coast was clear. "I'm going in," he informed Cummings.

"Best of luck "

"Luck? Luck's my middle name," Vic told Cummings. "And don't you forget it."

* * *

Why did girls like these always hang out on the top floor? It was something to think about as Vic struggled up the rickety stairs towards Josie Hammond's flat. He wasn't as young as he once was and he knew it. Years of sleepless stakeouts in grubby places like this had taken their toll on him.

He steadied himself, took a deep breath and rang the doorbell. He listened intently and sure enough, here came the sound of stiletto heels click-clicking towards the door. Vic braced himself for the strike...

"Can I do anything for you...?"

The words had barely left Josie's lips before Vic had stamped his size ten boot in the gap between door and post, wedging it open.

"Shit!" hissed the girl as Vic put his full 13 stones behind his shove and barged into the hallway. Josie stumbled back up against the wall.

"If you're the cops I've got nothing to say, you bastard! You ain't got a search warrant – you got no right, so get the fuck out of my flat!"

Vic shut the front door fast and drew breath. Up against the wall, the girl glared furiously at him. He had to admit she looked lovely when she was angry, her eyes burning like emeralds framed in an untidy mane of straw-blonde hair, the red lips pouting as she studied him, examined him, tried to make sense of who he was.

"I'm not the police," Vic informed her, placing a cigarette between his lips and offering her one.

She declined. "So who are you, then?" she demanded, angrily.

"A potential friend," said Vic. "Someone who could be a great help to you or, conversely, a great deal of bother. It's up to you."

She looked at him blankly and he decided it was probably best to drop the riddles and get down to basics. "Harris is the name," he told her. "Vic Harris, *Sunday Clarion.* We have a, let's say, mutual friend you might like to discuss."

Now the penny dropped. "A soddin' reporter!" Josie sighed. "Had to happen one day, I suppose."

Vic smiled. "So, Josie, are we going to talk about things or shall I just make it up myself?"

"I thought you guys did that anyway," she said with a smirk as she padded down the hallway towards what appeared to be a front room beyond. Vic followed.

"Is that a yes?" he asked.

"That depends." Josie was fixing herself a drink as Vic entered the lounge.

"Depends on what?"

"On what we're going to talk about."

"Julian Vernon."

"Never heard the name."

"Seen the face?" Vic showed her the crisp 6 by 4 he'd pulled from the parliamentary files. Her eyes widened when she saw it.

"That's Charlie," she said, in amazement. "What's he been up to?"

Vic smiled. "Oh, just one or two things... responsible for an Act controlling and proscribing pornography in 1979; demanded a police clampdown on massage parlours in 1983; instrumental in the advent of laws against homosexuality in 1988... a proper bundle of fun, this Charlie geezer."

Josie sipped her drink, shook her head. "You're making bugger all sense, pal."

"He's a member of Parliament. He makes speeches saying women like you should be flogged."

"Flogged?" she laughed. "He's a fine one to talk!"

Interesting, thought Vic. Very interesting...

* * *

Josie Hammond was a fine-looking woman. A shapeless housecoat covered her body well, but not so well one couldn't discern the curves underneath. Her face was hardly innocent, decorated with more cosmetics than you'd normally expect, but the lurid eye makeup and the vivid crimson of her lipstick made her into a veritable siren. Of course, Vic had already seen the evidence of her art and knew that she could show virtually any man a guided tour of paradise. She could ball all right, but would she play ball?

"So what's in it for me, Mr Harris?"

Vic turned away from his study of an especially erotic print framed on the wall. "Plenty," he told her. "Anything up to ten grand in cash, plus fame and notoriety, the chance to

have your biography published with all the dosh that might bring. You'd be a celebrity, a real star... plus you might just bring down a government."

"I could do that?"

"You'll be surprised what you can do. Just tell me everything you know about Sir Julian Vernon and any of his buddies you might also know. I listen, write it all down; the paper hides you away till the heat dies down and, bingo, you get a brand new life. What do you say ?"

Josie poured herself another drink. Vic waited as she drank it down in one single gulp. She looked up and there was a pause that seemed to Vic to last forever.

"I'll do it," she said firmly.

"You will?"

"It's either that or another ten years of this. Which would *you* choose?"

Vic nodded. There was no answer to that.

* * *

He'd been here before, back in '87, for a case involving a Trade Union official and a rent boy. This quiet little place in Suffolk was ideal for hiding their star bean-spillers. Josie and he had been there two days now and the longer they talked, the more Vic was becoming aware his flippant comment about bringing down the government was more accurate than he'd first believed. It wasn't just Vernon anymore: it was far bigger than that, stretching right up to cabinet level. It seemed that Josie Hammond had been passed around Westminster like a sexual football. She had a greater knowledge of the dicks in government that most of their wives possessed.

"Why?" Vic could no longer hold the question back. "How come you were the one that drove them so damn crazy?" Vic and Josie were in her bedroom. The tape machine was whirring quietly. Vic was sitting at a desk, and Josie was sprawled across the bed in a bathrobe. Hearing his question, she looked him full in the face and formed her lips into a perfect rounded '0'.

"The best," she said simply. "You see, these guys are like a private club. One hears of a good thing and he wants to let his mates in on the secret. When one knows, they all want to know."

Jesus, thought Vic, you could hardly blame them. Two days in such close proximity to Josie Hammond had made him realise that she had something special. Everything about her oozed sex: the way she walked, talked, everything.

He'd paused at her door last night and heard her small moans and whimpers. Looking through the keyhole, he'd seen her, lying across the bed, gloriously naked, her firm breasts jutting forward fiercely, the nipples pink and stiff as she worked her hand feverishly between her thighs, straining towards her orgasm. The sight had brought him out in a cold sweat and he'd been unable to sleep for the raging erection.

And now here she was, on that same bed with only a loose robe covering her beautiful body. Vic was having a difficult time keeping his mind on his work. He couldn't take his eyes off her, as the robe fell slightly open, exposing the curve of a perfectly rounded breast. He could feel his erection stirring again and cursed that part of him which needed her so badly.

"Tell me about Vernon," he asked, trying to occupy his mind with something else. "What's he into?"

" Everything," said Josie. "You name it, he likes it. Dressing up, S and M, B and D, he wanted it. Didn't do a thing for me though. Never does, all that kinky shit."

"What are you into?" Vic asked before he could stop himself. A warm, sultry expression came over Josie's features. "I just like it straight, me. I need a man who can give it to me long and hard and stiff. Know what I mean?"

He'd seen her lying across the bed, gloriously naked, her firm breasts jutting forward

The bitch! thought Vic, she knows sure as hell. He was trying to conceal it, but he wasn't trying hard enough. His lips were dry as sand.

Josie sat back against the headboard, the hem of her robe pulled right to the tops of her thighs.

"Is that the kind of girl you like, Vic?" she enquired. "A girl who wants nothing more than a good hard one in her pussy?"

Vic groaned inwardly. The robe fell open and he found himself looking straight between her legs as she slipped one red-painted fingernail into her sex and began to caress the velvet pink lips. With her free hand she stroked her breasts, running a thumbnail over a nipple that rose as hard as brass. He felt his cock rise and press urgently against his trousers. She had him, no two ways about it.

"Why don't you, Vic?" she purred. "Go on, you know it's what you want." Her words mesmerised him and like a slave he stood up and crossed to the bed. Soft hands were upon his groin. He ached for her and she knew it, deftly unzipping his trousers and reaching inside for his swollen hard-on, her fingers curling around its length. Then her lips were upon him, her long tongue a snake coiling around its tip.

"Some guys paid five hundred for this," she whispered, "but you're getting it free. What a lucky fellow you are..."

Oh yes, thought Vic, closing his eyes as the glory of it all took a hold, how lucky I am...

* * *

His editor was all-powerful; his editor called the shots. Right now, his editor was telling Vic something he couldn't believe.

"Drop it," the voice crackled down the line from London. "Drop the whole thing. Forget it ever happened."

"What the hell do you mean?" demanded Vic. "This is the biggest story since Profumo and you want me to squash it?"

"You heard right. Kill it."

"Do I get an explanation?"

"You get a 'D' Notice, that's what you get."

"They can't do that!"

"They're the government, Harris," came the reply. "They can do anything they like."

"It'd never hold up in court!"

"You're right. It wouldn't. But remember, some people don't need the courts. If they want something badly enough, they can use any means at their disposal to get it. And I think we both know what that means, don't we?"

Vic hung up in despair. Across from him, Josie was watching him with cat's eyes. He could see from her expression she knew what had happened.

"They've put the pressure on, haven't they?"

Vic made a hopeless gesture. "It's over," he admitted. "The whole thing. Just like that."

"And they can get away with it?"

Vic lit a cigarette and drew deeply. "That's how power works," he told her. "I mean, sure we could run the story, but at what cost? A week from now, a month, a year, you or I could be crossing the street and a car suddenly hits you and that's it – finito and no questions asked. You want to take that risk?"

Josie exploded in anger. "You fucking bet I do!" she stormed. "I've put myself on the line for you, Vic Harris, and I'm going to get nothing! I had a nice earner there and I can't go back, can I? They know all about it! Who's to say they might not want to be absolutely certain I stay quiet, huh?"

She was right. He knew it. From now on Josie was a liability and the powers that be hated liabilities. The only way she could stay alive was to get this story out – in letters a hundred feet high. No questions would be asked if Josie died one day and the story stayed under – it'd just be another dead hooker, killed by a client, or the victim of a drug overdose. No, Vic had to do something. They were in the same boat.

"Spycatcher..." he said.

Josie looked up, her face streaked with mascara tears. What the hell are you talking about?"

The idea was taking shape in Vic's brain. "Spycatcher," he repeated, then turned to Josie. "You got a passport?"

* * *

It was six months later and the early morning sun glinted on the waters of Sydney Harbour. Vic Harris sipped his coffee and lit up his first cigarette of the day as he opened the morning paper.

There it was in three-inch high type: 'BRITISH PREMIER RESIGNS OVER CALL—GIRL REVELATIONS'.

Shit, it had been a masterful idea. The government might have been able to put the clamp on the *Clarion*, but they were powerless against the foreign press. Josie's story had eaten up newsprint from New York to Adelaide, and the video of Sir Julian in action had been seen, in an edited form of course, on every TV news network available – even in Britain, due to the regulations on satellite broadcasting. They had beaten the bastards and Vic had lost count of the number of MPs and ministers who were suddenly deciding to 'spend more time with their families'.

It was brilliant, the whole lousy pack of cards collapsing almost overnight and Vic knew it would take years to put it all back together again. He turned the pages and consumed the story avidly. He'd done okay out of all this, having sold the saga to more publishing interests than he could recall. His Aussie accountant was still sifting through it all, but a figure in the million pound mark wasn't too far off. Life was very good.

Getting better. He felt a warmth at his groin; a wet feeling enveloping his prick. Mmmm, he knew what that was. Vic pretended not to notice, to concentrate on his paper, but soon those warm wet sensations were too much to ignore and he threw the paper over the balcony and watched it flutter down into the water.

Vic felt his tool thick and hard... he knew what they both wanted. "The bedroom!" he said.

"But I've only just got up!" Josie protested, half-heartedly.

"Same here," he said, indicating his condition.

Josie squealed as Vic hauled her over his shoulder and bore her off to the bedroom. "Your pussy might break a government," he grinned, "but it'll never break me..."

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

What do you get if you cross a tortoise with a vibrator?
An armoured dildo.

A lonely old lady was passing her last days away in a tiny flat in Balham when suddenly her Fairy Godmother appeared.

"Miss Timpkins," she said, "You have been a great example to us all throughout your life. You have devoted much of it to helping others less fortunate than yourself. You have given your time and money generously to charity. And you have never asked for anything in return. It has been decided that, for once, you should have your reward on earth rather than in heaven. I am here to give you three wishes."

"Ooh, that's nice," said the elderly lady. "Now what can I have?"

"Well, for once, Miss Timpkins, I recommend total self indulgence. Reward yourself with all the pleasures you've never had in your life."

The octogenarian thought long and hard.

"In that case, I'd like you to turn my cosy little flat into a beautiful desert island with a plentiful supply of fruit, beautiful beaches and a warm sea. Some of those exotic cocktails I've heard about would be nice too."

"Certainly!" replied the Fairy, and the flat was transformed into a tropical paradise.

"Now I'd like to be turned into a beautiful young virgin just waiting for a handsome man to deflower her."

"Of course!"

There was a flash and Miss Timpkins became a sumptuous blonde with pert lips and a perfect figure.

"And finally I'd like you to turn my faithful cat, Tom, who's been such a constant companion for the last ten years, into a handsome young man, so we can live together alone on this beautiful island."

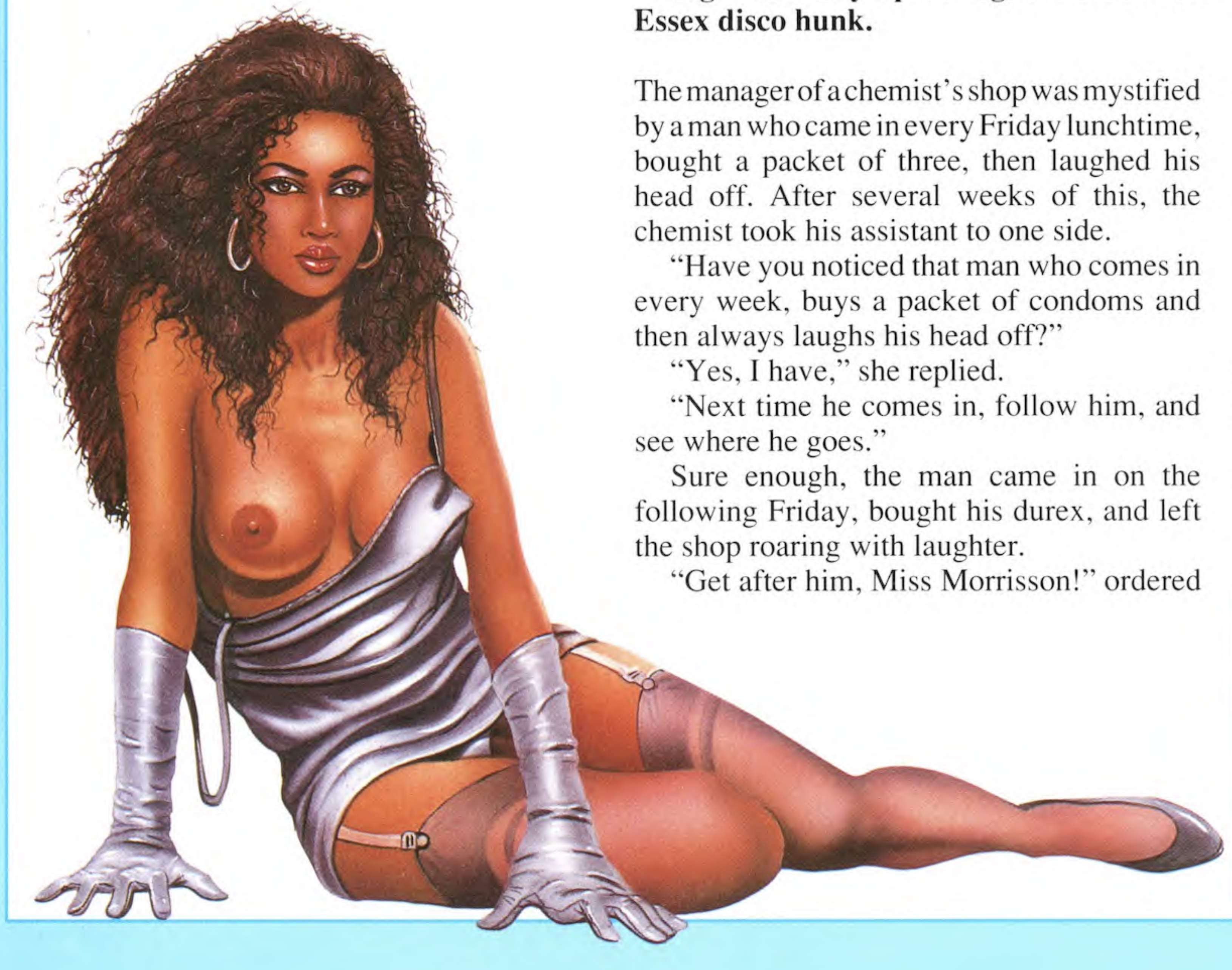
There was anther flash and the once old lady found herself on the island alone except for a devilishly handsome young man.

"Now, Tom," breathed the blonde sensuously, "let's get down to what I've been dreaming of all these years!"

And with that, she threw off her clothes to reveal a magnificent body, eager for action. But Tom sat there doing nothing.

"Come on, boy, take me! Take me, now!"

"Sorry Miss Timpkins," replied the handsome young man. "Don't you remember, you had me neutered back in 1985."



What's the difference between a dog and an Essex disco hunk?
A dog won't stay up all night to screw an Essex disco hunk.

The manager of a chemist's shop was mystified by a man who came in every Friday lunchtime, bought a packet of three, then laughed his head off. After several weeks of this, the chemist took his assistant to one side.

"Have you noticed that man who comes in every week, buys a packet of condoms and then always laughs his head off?"

"Yes, I have," she replied.

"Next time he comes in, follow him, and see where he goes."

Sure enough, the man came in on the following Friday, bought his durex, and left the shop roaring with laughter.

"Get after him, Miss Morrisson!" ordered the chemist and the assistant ran after the man.

Half an hour later, she returned, slightly red-faced.

"Well, Miss Morrisson, where did laughing boy go?"

The assistant looked embarrassed.

"Round to your place," she replied.

What's black and brown and looks good on an estate agent?
A doberman.

Soon after a henpecked husband gave up the ghost and died, his wife had him conjured up through a spirit medium to nag him some more. After grizzling at him for leaving the garage a mess and not putting his dirty socks in the laundry basket before he snuffed it, she got round to asking how he was doing.

"I'm happier now than I've ever been," he replied.

"Even happier than you were when you were on earth with me?" she demanded.

"You bet!" came the enthusiastic response.

"Well, I'm very pleased for you, I'm sure," said his wife sniffily. "So tell me, what's it like in heaven?"

There was a pause.

"I hear it's greatly over-rated," he replied.

Two cannibals were sitting back after a good meal.

"You know something," said one, "your wife does make a superb goulash."

"Yeah," replied the second. "But I won't half miss her." Ⓜ

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Cover:

MAYFAIR
PAGE 3 STAR
KATIE ORGILL
SEXY POOL FROLICS!
LYSETTE ANTHONY
AND
MRS ROD STEWART
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS ARE IN MAYFAIR

Cover model: Katie Orgill | thread

Post(s): | Poster:

1. post [partial] | Baxter1971
2. post [partial] | Baxter1971
3. post | Fabrizio
4. post | Fabrizio

Model(s):

- Antonia Melrose, GotM
  1. post
- Claire Green | thread
  1. post
  2. post [lower portion, partial]
  3. post [upper portion, partial]
  4. post
- Dawn | thread
  1. post
  2. post
- Helene Pascal | thread
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- Jenny
  1. post
- Juliet Tennant
  1. post
- Katie Orgill | thread
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  3. post [partial]
- Stacy Winfield
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- Susanna Farcach as Natalie | thread
  1. post